

**THE SATIRES OF
DECIMUS JUNIUS
JUVENALIS, AND
OF AULUS
PERSIUS...**



CONTENTS.

VOL. II.

	Page
Satire VII. By Mr. Charles Dryden.....	5
— VIII. By Mr. G. Stepney.....	18
— IX. By Mr. Stephen Hervey.....	44
— X. By Mr. Dryden.....	52
— XI. By Mr. Congreve.....	74
— XII. By Mr. Power.....	91
— XIII. By Mr. Creech.....	100
— XIV. By Mr. John Dryden, Jun.....	114
— XV. By Mr. Tate.....	133
— XVI. By Mr. Dryden.....	140

CONTENTS TO PERSIUS.

To Mr. Dryden on his translation of Persius.	
By Mr. Congreve.....	147
Satire I.....	151
— II.....	165
— III.....	170
— IV.....	181
— V.....	188
— VI.....	201

JUVENAL.

SATIRE VII.

BY MR. CHARLES DRYDEN.

ARGUMENT.

The hope and encouragement of all the learned is only reposed in Cæsar; whether in Domitian, Nerva, or Trajan, is left doubtful by the poet. The nobility, which in reason ought to patronise poetry, and reward it, are now grown sordidly covetous; and think it enough for them barely to praise writers, or to write ill verses themselves. This gives occasion to our author, to lament likewise the hard fortune and necessities of other arts, and their professors; particularly historians, lawyers, rhetoricians, and grammarians.

ON Cæsar all our studies must depend :
For Cæsar is alone the Muses' friend :
When now the celebrated wits, for need,
Hire bagnios, to the cryer's trade succeed ;
Or get their own, by baking others bread ;
Or by the porter's lodge, with beggars, wait
For greasy fragments at the great man's gate.
'Tis better, so ; if thy poetic fob
Refuse to pay an ordinary's club ;
And much more honest, to be hir'd, and stand
With auctionary hammer in thy hand,

Provoking to give more, and knocking thrice
 For the sold household stuff, or picture's price;
 Exposing play-books, full of fustian lines,
 Or the dull libraries of dead divines.

Ev'n this is better, though 'tis hardly got,
 Than be a perjur'd witness of a plot,
 To swear he saw three inches through a door,
 As Asiatic evidences swore;
 Who hither coming, out at heels and knees,
 For this had pensions, titles, and degrees.

Henceforward, let no poet fear to starve;
 Cæsar will give, if we can but deserve.
 Tune all your lyres, the monarch's praise invites -
 The labouring muse, and vast rewards excites:
 But if from other hands than his, you think
 To find supply, 'tis loss of pen and ink;
 Let flames on your unlucky papers prey,
 Or moths through written pages eat their way;
 Your wars, your loves, your praises be forgot,
 And make of all an universal blot.

The Muses' ground is barren desert all,
 If no support from Cæsar's bounty fall;
 The rest is empty praise, an ivy crown,
 Or the lean statue[†] of a starv'd renown.

For now the cunning patron never pays,
 But thinks he gives enough—in giving praise;
 Extols the poem, and the poet's vein,
 As boys admire the peacock's gaudy train:
 Meanwhile thy manhood, fit for toils and wars,
 Patient of seas and storms, and household cares,
 Ebbs out apace, and all thy strength impairs. }

† A statue erected in honour of a poet.

Old age, with silent pace, comes creeping on,
Nauseates the praise which in her youth she won;
And hates the muse by which she was undone. }

The tricks of thy base patron now behold,
To spare his purse, and save his darling gold;
In his own coin the starving wit he treats;
Himself makes verses, which himself repeats;
And yields to Homer on no other score,
Than that he liv'd a thousand years before.
But if to fame alone thou dost pretend,
The miser will his empty palace lend;
Set wide his doors, adorn'd with plated brass,
Where droves, as at a city-gate, may pass;
A spacious hall afford thee, to rehearse,
And send his clients to applaud thy verse:
But not one farthing to defray the costs
Of carpenters, the pulpit², and the posts.

House-room that costs him nothing, he bestows:
Yet still we scribble on, though still we lose;
We drudge, and cultivate with care, a ground
Where no return of gain was ever found:
The charms of poetry our souls bewitch;
The curse of writing is an endless itch.

But he whose noble genius is allow'd,
Who with stretch'd pinions soars above the crowd,
Who mighty thought can clothe with manly dress,
He, whom I fancy, but can ne'er express:
Such, such a wit, though rarely to be found,
Must be secure from want, if not abound.
Nice is his make, impatient of the war,
Avoiding business, and abhorring care;

² In which the poets rehearsed.

He must have groves, and lonely fountains choose,
 And easy solitudes to bait his muse;
 Unvex'd with thought of wants which may betide,
 Or for to-morrow's dinner to provide.
 Horace ; ne'er wrote but with a rosy cheek,
 His belly pamper'd, and his sides were sleek ;
 A wit should have no care, or this alone,
 To make his rising numbers justly run.
 Phœbus and Bacchus, those two jolly gods,
 Bear no starv'd poets to their bless'd abodes.
 'Tis not for hungry wit, with wants controll'd,
 The face of Jove in council to behold :
 Or fierce Alecto ⁴, when her brand she toss'd,
 Betwixt the Trojan and Rutilian host.
 If Virgil's suit Mecænas ⁵ had not sped,
 And sent Alexis ⁶ to the poet's bed,
 The crested snakes had drop'd upon the ground,
 And the loud trumpet languish'd in the sound.
 Yet we expect that Lappa's ⁷ muse should please,
 As much as did immortal Sophocles ⁸ :
 When he his dishes and his clothes has sent
 To pawn, for payment of a quarter's rent ;
 His patron Numitor ⁹ will nothing lend,
 Pleads want of money to his wretched friend,
 Yet can large presents to his harlot send ;

3 A famous poet, who was in great favour with the emperor Augustus Cæsar, by the means of his patron Mecænas.

4 One of the three Furies.

5 A favourite with Augustus, and a great patron of poets.

6 Mecænas's boy ; with whom Virgil was in love.

7 Rubrænus Lappa, a poor tragic poet.

8 An excellent poet of Athens, who wrote Greek tragedies.

9 A rich nobleman of Rome.

Can purchase a tame lion, and can treat
The kingly slave with several sorts of meat :
It seems, he thinks the' expense is more, to feast
The famish'd poet, than the hungry beast.

Lucan ¹⁰, content with praise, may lie at ease
In costly grots, and marble palaces :
But to poor Bassus ¹¹ what avails a name ;
To starve on compliments and empty fame ?

All Rome is pleas'd, when Statius ¹² will rehearse,
And longing crowds expect the promis'd verse :
His lofty numbers with so great a gust
They hear, and swallow with such eager lust :
But, while the common suffrage crown'd his cause,
And broke the benches with their loud applause ;
His muse had starv'd, had not a piece unread,
And by a player ¹³ bought, supplied her bread.
He could dispose of honours and commands,
'The power of Rome was in an actor's hands,
The peaceful gown, and military sword ;
The bounteous player out-gave the pinching lord :
And wouldst thou, poet, rise before the sun,
And to his honour's lazy levee run ?
Stick to the stage, and leave thy sordid peer ;
And yet, heaven knows, 'tis earn'd with hardship
there.

¹⁰ A great poet, who was put to death by Nero ; partly out of envy to his poetry, partly for being in a plot with his uncle Seneca and Piso.

¹¹ Salejus Bassus, a poor poet.

¹² Statius, surnamed Papineus, a famous poet in the time of Cæsar Domitian.

¹³ Paris, a famous actor and favourite to Domitian, the patron of Statius.

'The former age did one Mecænas see,
 One giving lord of happy memory.
 Then, then, 'twas worth a writer's pains, to pine,
 Look pale, and all December ¹⁴ taste no wine.

Such is the poet's lot:—What luckier fate
 Does on the works of grave historians wait?
 More time they spend, in greater toils engage;
 Their volumes swell beyond the thousandth page:
 For thus the laws of history command,
 And much good paper suffers in their hand.
 What harvest rises from this labour'd ground?
 Where they get pence, a clerk ¹⁵ can get a pound.
 A lazy tribe, just of the poet's pitch,
 Who think themselves above the growing rich.

Next show me the well-lung'd Civilian's ¹⁶ gain,
 Who bears in triumph an artillery train
 Of chancery-libels; opens the first cause,
 Then with a picklock tongue perverts the laws:
 Talks loud enough in conscience for his fee,
 Takes care his client all his zeal may see;
 Twitch'd by the sleeve, he mouths it more and more,
 Till with white froth his gown is slaver'd o'er.
 Ask what he gains by all this lying prate,
 A captain's plunder trebles his estate.
 The magistrate assumes his awful seat;
 Stand forth pale Ajax ¹⁷, and thy speech repeat:

¹⁴ The Romans celebrated their great holidays, called 'Saturnia' in December; when every one drank freely; and the slaves were, in a manner, masters.

¹⁵ Or rather a public notary.

¹⁶ In those times the lawyers got little.

¹⁷ Alluding to that of Ovid; '*Consedere Duces*,' &c.

Assert thy client's freedom ; bawl, and tear
So loud, thy country judge at least may hear,
If not discern ; and when thy lungs are sore,
Hang up the victor's garland ¹⁸ at thy door :
Ask for what price thy venial tongue was sold :
A rusty gammon of some seven years old :
Tough, wither'd treuffles ¹⁹ ; ropy wine, a dish
Of shotten herrings, or stale stinking fish.
For four times talking, if one piece thou take,
That must be cantled, and the judge go snack.
'Tis true, Emelius ²⁰ takes a fivefold fee,
Though some plead better, with more law than he :
But then he keeps his coach, six Flanders mares
Draw him in state, whenever he appears :
He shows his statue too, where, plac'd on high,
The jennet underneath him seems to fly ;
While with a lifted spear, in armour bright,
His aiming figure meditates a fight.
With arts like these, rich Matho, when he speaks,
Attacks all fees, and little lawyers breaks.

Tongillus, very poor, has yet an itch
Of gaining wealth, by feigning to be rich ;
Bathes often, and in state, and, proudly vain,
Sweeps through the streets with a long dirty train ;
From thence with lackeys running by his side,
High on the backs of brawny slaves will ride,
In a long litter, through the market-place ;
And with a nod the distant rabble grace :

¹⁸ When an orator had won a cause a garland was hung up before his door.

¹⁹ Treuffles, in English, called ground-chesnuts, or pignuts ; but, perhaps, the author means onions, or scallions.

²⁰ A rich lawyer.

Clad in a gown, that glows with Tyrian dye, }
 Surveys its moveables with curious eye, }
 Beats down the price, and threatens still to buy. }
 Nor can I wonder at such tricks as these :
 The purple garments raise the lawyer's fees,
 And sell him dearer to the tool that buys ;
 High pomp and state are useful properties.
 The luxury of Rome will know no end ;
 For still the less we have, the more we spend.

Trust eloquence to show our parts and breeding !
 Not Tully ²¹ now could get ten groats by pleading ;
 Unless the diamond glitter'd on his hand :
 Wealth's all the rhetoric clients understand :
 Without large equipage, and loud expense,
 The prince of orators would scarce speak sense.
 Paulus ²², who with magnificence did plead,
 Grew rich, while tatter'd Gallus beg'd his bread.
 Who to poor Basilus his cause would trust,
 Though ne'er so full of pity, ne'er so just ?
 His clients, unregarded, claim their due ;
 For eloquence in rags was never true.
 Go, wretch, thy pleadings into Afric ²³ send,
 Or France, where merit never needs a friend.

But oh, what stock of patience wants the fool,
 Who wastes his time and breath in teaching school !
 To hear the speeches of declaiming boys,
 Deposing tyrants with eternal noise !

²¹ Marcus Tullius Cicero, the greatest orator that ever Rome bred.

²² Paulus was a rich lawyer ; Basilus and Gallus were very poor.

²³ France and Africa were then famous for great lawyers, and fat fees.

Sitting or standing, still confin'd to roar
 In the same verse, the same rules o'er and o'er :
 What kind the speech, what colours, how to purge
 Objections, state the case, and reasons urge.
 All would learn these ; but at the quarter-day,
 Few parents will the pedant's labour pay.
 Pay, sir ! For what ? The scholar knows no more
 At six months' end, than what he knew before :
 Taught or untaught, the dunce is still the same,
 Yet still the wretched master bears the blame.
 Once every week poor Hannibal is man'd ;
 The theme is given, and straight the council's call'd,
 Whether he should to Rome directly go,
 To reap the fruit of the dire overthrow ²⁴ ;
 Or into quarters put his harass'd men
 Till Spring returns, and takes the field again.
 The murder'd master cries, ' Would parents hear
 But half that stuff which I am bound to bear ;
 For that revenge I'll quit the whole arrears.' }

The same complaints most other pedants make ;
 Plead real causes, and the feign'd forsake :
 Medea's ²⁵ poison, Jason's perjury,
 And Philomela's ²⁶ rape, are all laid by ;
 The' accusing stepdame ²⁷ and the son accus'd ;
 But if my friendly counsel might be us'd,

²⁴ The victory obtained by Hannibal at Cannæ ; after which, if he had immediately attempted Rome, in all probability he had carried it.

²⁵ A notable sorceress, daughter of Æetes, king of Colchos, and wife to Jason, who left her afterwards, and married another.

²⁶ Daughter of Pandion, king of Athens, was ravished by Tereus, king of Thrace, who cut out her tongue that she might not disclose the secret.

²⁷ Phædra, wife of Theseus, who fell in love with her son.

For, to breed up the son to common sense,
 Is evermore the parent's least expense.
 From whence then comes Quintilian's vast estate? }
 Because he was the darling son of fate; }
 And luck, in scorn of merit, made him great. }
 Urge not the' example of one single man,
 As rare as a white crow, or sable swan.
 Quintilian's fate was to be counted wise,
 Rich, noble, fair, and in the state to rise :
 Good fortune grac'd his action and his tongue ;
 His colds became him, and when hoarse he sung.
 Ob, there's strange difference, what planets shed
 Their influence on the new-born infant's head !
 'Tis Fate that flings the dice ; and as she flings,
 Of kings makes pedants, and of pedants kings.
 What made Ventidius ³⁰ rise, and Tullus ³¹ great,
 But their kind stars, and hidden power of fate ?
 Few pedagogues but curse the barren chair ;
 Like him ³² who hang'd himself for mere despair
 And poverty ; or him ³³, to Caius sent
 For liberty of speech to banishment.
 Ev'n Socrates in rags at Athens taught,
 And wanted to defray ³⁴ the deadly draught.
 In peace, ye shades of our great grandsires rest,
 No heavy earth your sacred bones molest :

³⁰ Ventidius Bassus was a lieutenant to Marc Antony, and the first who beat the Parthians in three battles.

³¹ Here is meant Tullus Servilius, one of the Roman kings.

³² Thrasyarchus, a rhetorician of Carthage, who hanged himself by reason of his poverty.

³³ Secundus Carinus, who was banished from Rome by the emperor Caligula, for declaiming against tyrants.

³⁴ When Socrates was condemned to die by poison, he wanted money to pay for the juice of hemlock which he was to drink ; and desired one of his friends to lay it down for him, and satisfy the fees of the executioner.

Eternal spring and rising flowers adorn
The relics of each venerable urn,
Who pious reverence to their tutors paid,
As parents honour'd, and as gods obey'd.
Achilles ³⁵, grown in stature, fear'd the rod,
And stood corrected at the Centaur's nod;
His tender years in learning did employ,
And promis'd all the hero in the boy.
The scene's much alter'd in the modern school,
The boys of Rufus call their master fool;
A just revenge ³⁶ on him, who durst defame
The merit of immortal Tully's name.

But ask, what fruit Palemon's ³⁷ pains have earn'd,
Or who has paid the price of what he learn'd?
Though grammar-profits less than rhetoric are,
Yet ev'n in those his usher claims a share;
Besides, the servants' wages must be paid:
Thus of a little, still a less is made;
As merchants' gains come short of half the mart;
For he who drives their bargains, dribs a part.
The covetous father now includes the night,
And covenants, thou shalt teach by candle-light:
When puffing smiths, and every painful trade
Of handicrafts, in peaceful beds are laid;
Then thou art bound to smell on either hand
As many stinking lamps, as school-boys stand:
When Horace could not read in his own sullied book;
And Virgil's ³⁸ sacred page is all besmear'd with
smoke.

³⁵ The son of Peleus and Thetis, who had Chiron the Centaur for his tutor.

³⁶ Rufus called Tully an Allobroge; as if his Latin were barons, and not truly Roman.

³⁷ A poor grammarian, but of great esteem.

³⁸ Virgil, surnamed Maro, the favourite poet of Augustus Cæsar.

But when thou dun'st their parents, seldom they }
 Without a suit before the tribune 39 pay ; }
 And yet hard laws upon the master lay.
 Be sure he knows exactly grammar rules,
 And all the best historians read in schools ;
 All authors, every poet to a hair ;
 That, ask'd the question, he may scarce despair,
 To tell who nurs'd Anchises 40 ; or to name
 Anchemolus' stepmother 41, and whence she came ;
 How long Acestes 42 liv'd ; what stores of wine
 He gave to the departing Trojan line.
 Bid him besides his daily pains employ,
 To form the tender manners of the boy ;
 And work him, like a waxen babe, with art,
 To perfect symmetry in every part :
 To be his better parent, to beware
 No young obscenities his strength impair,
 No mutual filth ; to mark his hands and eyes,
 Distorted with unnatural ecstasies :
 This be thy task ; and yet for all thy pains, }
 At the year's end expect no greater gains, }
 Than what a fencer 43, at a prize, obtains.

39 Here is meant *Tribunus Ærarius*, who took cognizance only of causes of less moment ; not the *Tribunus Plebis*, as *Britannicus* imagined.

40 Anchises was father of *Æneas*, the Trojan, who was the founder of Rome.

41 Anchemolus, the son of *Rhætus*, a king in Italy, ravished his stepmother *Casperia*.

42 A king of Sicily, who kindly entertained *Æneas* in his voyage.

43 The people were used at their sword-plays to gather money for the conqueror.

JUVENAL.

SATIRE VIII.

BY MR. G. STEPNEY,
Of Trinity College, Cambridge.

ARGUMENT.

In this Satire the poet proves that nobility does not consist in statues and pedigrees, but in honourable and good actions. He lashes Rubellius Plancus for being insolent, by reason of his high birth; and lays down an instance, that we ought to make the like judgment of men, as we do of horses, who are valued rather according to their personal qualities, than by the race of whence they come. He advises his noble friend Ponticus (to whom he dedicates the Satire) to lead a virtuous life; dissuading him from debauchery, luxury, oppression, cruelty, and other vices, by his severe censures on Lateranus, Damasippus, Gracchus, Nero, Catiline: and in opposition to these, displays the worth of persons meanly born, such as Cicero, Marius, Servius Tullius, and the Decii. The translator of this Satire industriously avoided imposing upon the Reader, and perplexing the printer, with tedious common-place notes: but finding, towards the latter end, many examples of noblemen who disgraced their ancestors by vicious practices; and of men meanly born, who ennobled their families by virtuous and brave actions; he thought some historical relations were necessary towards rendering those instances more intelligible; which is all he pretends to by his remarks. He would gladly have left out the heavy passage of the Mirmillo and Retiarius; which, he honestly confesses, he either does not rightly understand, or

cannot sufficiently explain. If he has not confined himself to the strict rules of translation, but has frequently taken the liberty of imitating, paraphrasing, or reconciling the Roman customs to our modern usage, he hopes this freedom is pardonable, since he has not used it but when he found the original flat, obscure, or defective; and where the humour and connection of the author might naturally allow of such a change.

WHAT'S the advantage, or the real good,
 In tracing from the source our ancient blood?
 To have our ancestors in paint or stone,
 Preserv'd as relics, or like monsters shown?
 The brave Æmilii, as in triumph plac'd,
 The virtuous Curii, half by time defac'd;
 Corvinus, with a mouldering nose, that bears
 Injurious scars, the sad effects of years;
 And Galba, grinning, without nose or ears?

Vain are their hopes who fancy to inherit,
 By trees of pedigrees, or fame or merit; [trace
 Though plodding heralds through each branch may
 Old captains, and dictators of their race,
 While their ill lives that family bely,
 And grieve the brass which stands dishonour'd by.

'Tis mere burlesque, that to our generals' praise,
 Their progeny immortal statues raise;
 Yet (far from that old gallantry) delight
 To game before their images all night,
 And steal to bed at the approach of day,
 The hour when these their ensigus did display.

Why should soft Fabius¹ impudently bear
 Names, gain'd by conquests in the Gallic war?

¹ The family of the Fabii were descended of Hercules (in honour of whom the Romans built a temple in the Foro

Why lays he claim to Hercules's strain,
 Yet dares be base, effeminate, and vain?
 The glorious altar to that hero built,
 Adds but a greater lustre to his guilt,
 Whose tender limbs, and polish'd skin, disgrace
 The grisly beauty of his manly race;
 And who by practising the dismal skill
 Of poisoning, and such treacherous ways to kill,
 Make his unhappy kindred marble sweat,
 When his degenerate head by theirs is set.

Long galleries of ancestors, and all
 The follies which ill grace a country hall,
 Challenge no wonder or esteem from me;
 'Virtue alone is true nobility.'
 Live therefore well: to men and gods appear,
 Such as good Paulus, Cossus, Drusus², were;
 And in thy consular triumphal show,
 Let these before thy father's statues go:
 Place 'em before the ensigns of the state³,
 As choosing rather to be good than great.
 Convince the world that you're devout and true,
 Be just in all you say, and all you do;
 Whatever be your birth, you're sure to be
 A peer of the first magnitude to me:

Boario). Fabius Maximus, in remembrance of his services in the wars against the people of Provence, Languedoc, Dauphiny, and other provinces of France (formerly known by the name of Allobroges), was surnamed Allobrogicus; which title his son would have assumed; whom our author here censures as a man of an effeminate person, a profligate life, and of dangerous practices.

² Brave and virtuous Romans.

³ The rods and axe, which were carried in processions, as badges of the consular dignity.

Rome for your sake shall push her conquests on,
 And bring new titles ⁴ home from nations won,
 To dignify so eminent a son.
 With your bless'd name shall every region sound,
 Loud as mad Egypt, when her priests have found
 A new Osiris ⁵, for the ox they drown'd.

But who will call those noble, who deface,
 By meaner acts, the glories of their race?
 Whose only title to our father's fame
 Is couch'd in the dead letters of their name?
 A dwarf as well may for a giant pass;
 A Negro for a swan; a crook-back'd lass
 Be call'd Europa; and a cur may bear
 The name of tiger, lion, or what'er
 Denotes the noblest or the fiercest beast:
 Be therefore careful, lest the world in jest
 Should thee just so with the mock-titles greet,
 Of Camerinus, or of conquer'd Crete.
 'To whom is this advice and censure due?'
 Rubellius Plancus, 'tis applied to you:
 Who think your person second to divine,
 Because descended from the Drusian line;
 Though yet you no illustrious act have done,
 To make the world distinguish Julia's son
 From the vile offspring of a trull, who sits
 By the town-wall, and for her living knits.

⁴ Such as Getulicus, Africanus, Numantinus, Creticus.

⁵ Osiris, for teaching the Egyptians husbandry, had a temple built at Memphis; where he was worshipped in the shape of an ox, which the priests used to drown at a certain age; and gave out, their god was withdrawn, and absented himself for a few days; during which time it was their custom to go mourning and searching up and down till they found another ox to supply his place, and then they broke out with these exclamations: 'We have found him, let's rejoice.'

' You are poor rogues,' you cry, ' the baser scum
 ' And inconsiderable dregs of Rome;
 Who know not from what corner of the earth
 The obscure wretch, who got you, stole his birth :
 Mine I derive from Cecrops ⁶.—May your grace
 Live, and enjoy the splendor of your race.
 Yet of these base plebeians we have known
 Some, who, by charming eloquence, have grown
 Great senators, and honours to that gown :
 Some at the bar with subtilty defend
 The cause of an unlearned noble friend ;
 Or on the bench the knotty laws untie ;
 Others their stronger youth to arms apply,
 Go to Euphrates, or those forces join
 Which garrison the conquests near the Rhine.
 While you, Rubellius, on your birth rely ;
 Though you resemble your great family
 No more, than those rough statues on the road
 (Which we call Mercuries) are like that god :
 Your blockhead though excels in this alone,
 You are a living statue—that of stone.

Great son of Troy! who ever prais'd a beast
 For being of a race above the rest,
 But rather meant his courage and his force ?
 To give an instance : we commend a horse
 (Without regard of pasture or of breed)
 For his undaunted mettle and his speed ;
 Who wins most plates ⁷ with greatest ease, and first
 Prints with his hoofs his conquest on the dust.

⁶ The first king of Athens.

⁷ I have taken the liberty to give this simile a modern air; because it happens to agree exactly with the humour of our author.

But if fleet Dragon's progeny at last
Proves jaded, and in frequent matches cast,
No favour for the stallion we retain,
And no respect for the degenerate strain ;
The worthless brute is from Newmarket brought,
And at an under-rate in Smithfield bought,
To turn a mill, or drag a loaded life,
Beneath two panniers and a baker's wife.

That we may therefore you, not yours, admire ;
First, sir, some honour of your own acquire ;
Add to that stock which justly we bestow
On those bless'd shades⁸ to whom you all things owe.

This may suffice the haughty youth to shame,
Whose swelling veins (if we may credit Fame)
Burst almost with the vanity and pride,
That their rich blood to Nero's is allied :
The rumour's likely ; for ' We seldom find
Much sense with an exalted fortune join'd.'

But, Ponticus, I would not you should raise
Your credit by hereditary praise ;
Let your own acts immortalize your name ;
' 'Tis poor relying on another's fame ;'
For, take the pillars but away, and all
The superstructure must in ruins fall ;
As a vine droops, when by divorce remov'd
From the embraces of the elm she lov'd.

Be a good soldier, or upright trustee,
An arbitrator from corruption free ;
And if a witness in a doubtful cause,
Where a brib'd judge means to elude the laws,
Though Phalaris's brazen bull⁹ were there,
And he would dictate what he'd have you swear,

⁸ (Meaning your ancestors) Rubellius Plancus.

⁹ Phalaris was a tyrant of Agrigentum, in Sicily ; to flatter

Be not so profligate, but rather choose
 To guard your honour, and your life to lose,
 Rather than let your virtue be betray'd ;
 Virtue, the noblest cause for which you're made.

Improperly we measure life by breath ¹⁰,
 Such do not truly live who merit death ;
 Though they their wanton senses nicely please
 With all the charms of luxury and ease ;
 Though mingled flowers adorn their careless brow,
 And round them costly sweets neglected flow,
 As if they in their funeral state were laid ;
 And to the world, as they're to virtue, dead.

When you ¹¹ the province you expect obtain,
 From passion and from avarice refrain ;
 Let our associates' poverty provoke
 Thy generous heart not to increase their yoke,
 Since riches cannot rescue from the grave,
 Which claims alike the monarch and the slave.

To what the laws enjoin, submission pay ;
 And what the senate shall command, obey ;
 Think what rewards upon the good attend,
 And how those fall unpitied who offend :
 Tutor and Capito may warnings be,
 Who felt the thunder of the state's decree,
 For robbing the Cilicians, though they
 (Like lesser pikes) only subsist on prey.

whose cruelty, Perillus invented a brazen bull, wherein people might be roasted alive, and their cries were not unlike the bellowings of an ox: but the tyrant had the justice to reward the artizan as he deserved, by making him first try the experiment.

¹⁰ This and the seven following verses are a sort of paraphrase upon two lines of the original, which I was forced to enlarge, because the sense of the author is too close and obscure.

¹¹ (Speaking to Ponticus.)

But what avails the rigour of their doom?
Which cannot future violence o'ercome,
Nor give the miserable province ease?
Since what one plunderer left, the next will seize.

Cherippus ¹² then in time yourself bethink,
And what your rags will yield by auction, sink;
Ne'er put yourself to charges to complain
Of wrongs which heretofore you did sustain;
Make not a voyage to detect the theft;
'Tis mad to lavish what their rapine left.

When Rome at first our rich allies subdued,
From gentle taxes noble spoils accrued;
Each wealthy province, but in part oppress'd,
Thought the loss trivial, and enjoy'd the rest.
All treasures did then with heaps abound;
In every wardrobe costly silks were found;
The least apartment of the meanest house
Could all the wealthy pride of art produce;
Pictures which from Parrhasius ¹³ did receive
Motion and warmth; and statues taught to live;
Some Polyclete's ¹³, some Myron's work declar'd;
In others Phidias' ¹³ masterpiece appear'd;
And crowding plate did on the cupboard stand,
Emboss'd by curious Mentor's ¹³ artful hand.
Prizes like these oppressors might invite,
These Dolabella's ¹⁴ rapine did excite,
These Anthony ¹⁴ for his own theft thought fit,
Verres ¹⁴ for these did sacrilege commit;
And when their reigns were ended, ships full fraught
The hidden fruits of their exaction brought,

¹² Any poor man who is oppressed.

¹³ Famous painters, statuaries, and other artizans.

¹⁴ Proconsuls of Asia and Sicily.

Which made in peace a treasure richer far,
Than what is plunder'd in the rage of war.

This was of old : but our confederates now
Have nothing left but oxen for the plough,
Or some few mares reserv'd alone for breed :
Yet lest this provident design succeed,
They drive the father of the herd away,
Making both stallion, and his pasture, prey.
Their rapine is so abject and profane,
They nor from trifles, nor from gods refrain ;
But the poor Lares from the niches seize,
If they be little images that please.
Such are the spoils which now provoke their theft,
And are the greatest ; nay, they're all that's left.

Thus may you Corinth ¹⁵, or weak Rhodes ¹⁶,
oppress,

Who dare not bravely what they feel redress :
(For how can fops thy tyranny control,
Smooth limbs are symptoms of a servile soul)
But trespass not too far on sturdy Spain,
Sclavonia, France ; thy gripes from those restrain, }
Who with their sweat Rome's ¹⁷ luxury maintain, }
And send us plenty, while our wanton day
Is lavish'd at their Circus, or the play.
For should you to extortion be inclin'd,
Your cruel guilt will little booty find,
Since gleaning Marius ¹⁸ has already seiz'd
All that from sun-burnt Afric can be squeez'd.

But above all, ' Be careful to withhold
Your talons from the wretched and the bold ;

¹⁵ Returning to Ponticus.

¹⁶ The inhabitants of these places were effeminate, and easy to be enslaved.

¹⁷ The people of Afric, who supplied Rome with corn.

¹⁸ Marius Priscus.

Tempt not the brave and needy to despair;
For, though your violence should leave 'em bare
Of gold and silver, swords and darts remain,
And will revenge the wrongs which they sustain:
The plunder'd still have arms.—

Think not the precept I have here laid down
A fond, uncertain notion of my own;
No, 'tis a Sibyl's leaf what I relate,
As fix'd and sure as the decrees of fate.

Let none but men of honour you attend,
Choose him that has most virtue for your friend;
And give no way to any darling youth
To sell your favour, and pervert the truth.
Reclaim your wife from strolling up and down,
To all assizes, and through ev'ry town,
With claws like harpies, eager for the prey;
(For which your justice and your fame will pay.)
Keep yourself free from scandals such as these;
Then trace your birth from Picus¹⁹, if you please.
If he's too modern, and your pride aspire
To seek the author of your being higher,
Choose any Titan who the gods withstood,
To be the founder of your ancient blood,
Prometheus, and that race before the flood;
Or any other story you can find
From heralds, or in poets, to your mind.

But should you prove ambitious, lustful, vain;
Or could you see, with pleasure and disdain,
Rods broke on our associates' bleeding backs,
And headsmen labouring till they blunt their ax:
Your father's glory will your sin proclaim,
And to a clearer light expose your shame;

¹⁹ The first king of the Latines.

For, still more public scandal vice extends,
As he is great and noble who offends.

How dare you ²⁰ then your high extraction plead?
Yet blush not when you go to forge a deed,
In the same temple which your grandsire built;
Making his statue privy to the guilt.
Or in a bawdy masquerade are led,
Muffled by night, to some polluted bed.
Fat Lateranus does his revels keep,
Where his forefathers' peaceful ashes sleep;
Driving himself a chariot down the hill,
And (though a consul) links himself the wheel:
To do him justice, 'tis indeed by night,
Yet the moon sees, and every smaller light
Pries as a witness of the shameful sight. }
Nay, when his year of honour's ended, soon
He'll leave that nicety, and mount at noon;
Nor blush should he some grave acquaintance meet,
But (proud of being known) will jerk and greet:
And when his fellow beasts are weary grown,
He'll play the groom, give oats, and rub 'em down.
If after Numa's ²¹ ceremonial way
He at Jove's altar would a victim slay,
To no clean goddess he directs his pray'rs,
But by Hippona ²² most devoutly swears;
Or some rank deity, whose filthy face
We suitably o'er stinking stables place.

²⁰ The poet in this place speaks neither to Rubellius nor Ponticus, but in general to any perjured or debauched nobleman.

²¹ Numa Pompilius (the second king of Rome), the better to civilize the savage humour of the people, first introduced among them the fear and worship of the gods, and instituted the rites and ceremonies of priests, oaths, and sacrifices.

²² Hippona was the goddess of jockeys and horses.

When he has run his length, and does begin
To steer his course directly for the inn,
(Where they have watch'd, expecting him all night)
A greasy Syrian, ere he can alight,
Presents him essence; while his courteous host
(Well knowing nothing by good breeding's lost)
Tags every sentence with some fawning word,
Such as 'My king, my prince,' at least 'My
lord;'

And a tight maid, ere he for wine can ask,
Guesses his meaning, and uncoils the flask.

Some (friends to vice) industriously defend
These innocent diversions, and pretend
That I the tricks of youth too roughly blame,
Alledging that when young we did the same.
I grant we did; yet when that age was past,
The frolic humour did no longer last;
We did not cherish and indulge the crime:
What's foul in acting should be left in time.

'Tis true, some faults, of course, with childhood
end; }
We therefore wink at wags when they offend, }
And spare the boy, in hopes the man may mend. }

But Lateranus (now his vigorous age
Should prompt him for his country to engage,
'The circuit of our empire to extend,
And all our lives, in Cæsar's, to defend),
Mature in riots, places his delight
All day in plying bumpers, and at night
Reels to the bawds, over whose doors are set
Pictures and bills, with 'Here are whores to let.'
Should any desperate unexpected fate
Summon all heads and hands to guard the state,

Cæsar, send quickly to secure the port 23 ;
 ' But where's the general? Where does he resort?
 Send to the sutler's; there you're sure to find
 The bully match'd with rascals of his kind,
 Quacks, coffin-makers, fugitives, and sailors; [lors;
 Rooks, common soldiers, hangmen, thieves and tai-
 With Cybele's priests, who, wearied with processions,
 Drink there, and sleep with knaves of all professions,
 A friendly gang! each equal to the best;
 And all, who can, have liberty to jest:
 One flaggon walks the round, (that none should think
 They either change, or stint him of his drink)
 And lest exceptions may for place be found,
 Their stools are all alike, their table round.

What think you, Ponticus, yourself might do,
 Should any slave, so lewd, belong to you?
 No doubt, you'd send the rogue in fetters bound
 To work in Bridewell, or to plough your ground:
 But, nobles, you who trace your birth from Troy,
 Think, you the great prerogative enjoy
 Of doing ill, by virtue of that race;
 As if what we esteem in cobblers base,
 Would the high family of Brutus grace.

Shameful are these examples; yet we find
 (To Rome's disgrace) far worse than these behind:
 Poor Damasippus, whom we once have known
 Fluttering with coach and six about the town,
 Is forc'd to make the stage his last retreat,
 And pawns his voice, the all he has, for meat:
 For now he must (since his estate is lost)
 Or represent, or be himself, a ghost:

23 Ostia, the mouth of the river Tyber.

And Lentulus acts hanging with such art,
 Were I a judge, he should not feign the part.
 Nor would I their vile insolence acquit,
 Who can with patience, nay diversion, sit,
 Applauding my lord's buffoonry for wit.
 And clapping farces acted by the court,
 While the peers cuff, to make the rabble sport :
 Or hirelings, at a prize, their fortunes try ;
 Certain to fall unpitied if they die ;
 Since none can have the favourable thought,
 That to obey a tyrant's will they fought,
 But that their lives they willingly expose,
 Bought by the prætors to adorn their shows.

Yet say the stage and lists were both in sight,
 And you must either choose to act or fight ;
 Death never sure bears such a ghastly shape,
 That a rank coward basely would escape
 By playing a foul harlot's jealous tool,
 Or a feign'd Andrew to a real fool.
 Yet a peer-actor is no monstrous thing,
 Since Rome has own'd a fiddler²⁴ for a king :
 After such pranks, the world itself at best
 May be imagin'd nothing but a jest.

Go²⁵ to the lists where feats of arms are shown,
 There you'll find Gracchus, (from Patrician)
 A fencer, and the scandal of the town. [grown }

²⁴ Meaning Nero, whom he censures severely in the pages following, note 36.

²⁵ This period is perplexed, and I fear will not be understood in our language; being only a description of the Roman gladiators, who were of two sorts, and had different names according to the arms and habit they appeared with; one fought with a scimitar in his right hand, a target on his left arm, and an helmet on his head; he was called *Mirmillo*, or *Secutor*. The other wore a short coat without sleeves, called *Tunica* ;

Nor will he the Mirmillo's weapons bear,
 The modest helmet he disdains to wear;
 As Retiarius he attacks his foe :
 First waves his trident ready for the throw,
 Next casts his net, but neither levell'd right,
 He stares about, expos'd to public sight,
 Then places all his safety in his flight. }
 ' Room for the noble gladiator ! See,
 His coat and hatband show his quality :—
 Thus when at last the brave Mirmillo knew
 'Twas Gracchus was the wretch he did pursue,
 To conquer such a coward griev'd him more,
 Than if he many glorious wounds had bore.

Had²⁶ we the freedom to express our mind,
 There's not a wretch so much to vice inclin'd,
 But will own Seneca²⁷ did far excel
 His pupil, by whose tyranny he fell :

a hat on his head ; he carried in his right hand a javelin forked like a trident, called *Fuscina* ; and on his left arm a net, in which he endeavoured to catch his adversary, and from thence was called *Retiarius*. The meaning of the poet is, to reprehend Gracchus (whom he had before rebuked in the second Satire) for three vices at once : for his baseness, forasmuch as, being a nobleman, he will condescend to fight upon the public theatre : for his impudence, in not choosing an habit which might have kept him disguised, and hindered him from being known : and for his cowardice in running away.

²⁶ For the clearer understanding of what follows, it may be necessary to give a short abridgment of Nero's cruelties, follies, and end : which may be found at large in his life, written by Suetonius and Tacitus, and in the continuation which Mr. Saville has added to his translation of the last of these authors, by way of supplement to what is wanting betwixt the annals and the history. But I shall only relate what I find mentioned in this Satire, and shall begin with his parricides.

²⁷ Upon suspicion that Seneca, his tutor, had some know-

To expiate whose complicated guilt,
 With some proportion to the blood he spilt,
 Rome ²⁸ should more serpents, apes, and sacks
 provide

Than one, for the compendious parricide.

'Tis true Orestes ²⁹ a like crime did act;

Yet weigh the cause, there's difference in the fact :

ledge of the conspiracy which Piso was carrying on against his person, Nero laid hold on this opportunity to rid himself of the uneasy censorer of his vices, yet allowed him the liberty of choosing the manner of his death. Seneca was apprehensive of pain, and therefore desired to have his veins opened, which he judged might be the most easy and pleasant method of dying; but finding it too tedious, he prevailed with his friend and physician, Annæus Statius, to give him a draught of poison, which too operating very slowly, (by reason his veins were exhausted, and his limbs chilled) the standers-by, to make quicker dispatch, smothered him with the steam of an hot bath. Juvenal not unjustly places this murder of Seneca among Nero's parricides, since a tutor ought to be esteemed as a civil parent.

²⁸ This bold thought and expression of Juvenal is grounded on the Roman laws, whereby parricides were condemned to be sewed up in a bag (called *Culeus*) with a cock, a monkey, a serpent, and a dog, and thrown together into the sea, or any neighbouring river. This punishment of drowning in a sack is still used in several parts of Germany, but without the company of those creatures above mentioned.

²⁹ The story of Orestes (betwixt whom, and Nero, Juvenal would draw a parallel) is this: his mother Clytemnestra finding her husband Agamemnon was returned alive from the siege of Troy, and fearing he might revenge her amours with Egystheus, with whom she had lived in adultery during her husband's absence, she thought the safest way might be to assassinate Agamemnon, by the help of Egystheus, at his first reception, and before he could suspect such an attempt. The manner how they dispatched him is reported differently. Some authors relate, that as he was changing his linen, he was stifled in a shirt sewed together at the neck. But Homer, in the 4th and 11th Books of his *Odyssey*, where he describes this

He slew his mother ³⁰ at the gods' command,
 They bid him strike, and did direct his hand
 'To punish falsehood; and appease the ghost
 Of his poor father treacherously lost,
 Just in the minute when the flowing bowl
 With a full tide enlarg'd his cheerful soul.
 Yet kill'd he not his sister ³¹, or his wife ³²;
 Nor aim'd ³³ at any near relation's life :

murder, is of Juvenal's opinion, that he was killed at a banquet, when he little expected such treatment. Egystheus after this murder married Clytemnestra, and usurped the kingdom of Mycena seven years: during which time Orestes grew up to man's estate, and by the instigation of his sister Electra, and the assistance of some neighbouring princes, marched from Athens, destroyed and murdered the usurper, and at last, under pretence of being mad, stabbed his mother. Homer (as well as our author) justifies this revenge, as being undertaken by the advice of the gods: and Paterculus infers, they must needs have approved the action, since Orestes (after it) lived long, and reigned happily.

³⁰ Nero could not suffer his mother Agrippina, because of her encroaching on his government; for which reason he made frequent attempts upon her life, but without success, till at last Anioetus his bondman undertook to stab her; which she perceiving, and guessing by whose orders he came, clapped her hand upon her belly, and bid him (with great presence of mind) strike there, supposing it deserved that punishment for bearing such a monster.

³¹ He ordered his first wife, Octavia, to be publicly executed upon a false accusation of adultery; and killed his second wife, Poppæa, when she was big with child, by a kick on the belly.

³² Britannicus (his brother by adoption) was poisoned by his orders, out of jealousy lest he should supplant him. And Antonia (Claudius's daughter) was executed under pretence of a conspiracy, but in truth because she refused to marry Nero, after the death of Poppæa.

³³ He caused Rufinus Crispinus, son to Poppæa, to be drowned as he was fishing; and Aulus Plancus, a relation of his mother's, to be killed, because she was fond of him.

Orestes, in the heat of all his rage,
Ne'er play'd or sung upon a public stage ³⁴;
Never on verse ³⁵ did his wild thoughts employ,
To paint the horrid scene of burning Troy,
Like Nero, who to raise his fancy higher,
And finish the great work, set Rome on fire.
Such crimes ³⁶ make treason just, and might compel
Virginus, Vindex, Galba, to rebel :

I need mention no more of these unnatural murders, but go on to his other extravagancies.

³⁴ He was industrious to be esteemed the best musician of his age; and at his death regretted nothing more sensibly than that the world should lose so great a master. To maintain this reputation, he frequently condescended to act and sing upon the theatre among the ordinary comedians; and took a journey to Greece, on purpose to try his skill against the most famous artists of that country; from whom he bore away the garland (which was the usual recompense of the best performer); returned to Rome in triumph, as if he had conquered a province; and ordered both the garland and instrument to be hung up among the banners and honours of his family.

³⁵ He had likewise a great vanity towards being thought a good poet, and made verses on the destruction of Troy, called *Troica*; and it is reported, he burnt Rome to be more lively and natural in his description; though it is more probable he destroyed the old fashioned buildings, out of dislike to the narrowness and crookedness of the streets, and to have the honour of rebuilding the city better, and calling it by his own name.

³⁶ These monstrous frolics and cruelties could not but make his people weary of his government. Virginus Rufus, who was his lieutenant-general in Gaul, by the assistance of Junius Vindex (a nobleman of that country), soon persuaded the armies under his command to fall from their allegiance; and solicited Sergius Galba, who was lieutenant-general in Spain, to do the like, by offering him the empire in favour of mankind; which he at last accepted (upon intimation that Nero had issued out secret orders to dispatch him), and marched with all the forces he could gather towards Rome. Nero, not being in a cond.

For what could Nero's self have acted worse
To aggravate the wretched nation's curse?

These are the bless'd endowments, studies, arts,
Which exercise our mighty emperor's parts :
Such frolics with his roving genius suit,
On foreign theatres ³⁴ to prostitute
His voice and honour, for the poor renown
Of putting all the Grecian actors down, }
And winning at a wake their parsley-crown. }
Let this triumphal chaplet ³⁴ find some place
Among the other trophies of thy race ;
By thee Domitii's statues shall be laid,
The habit and the mask in which you play'd
Antigone's, or hold Thyestes' part,
(While your wild nature little wanted art) ;
And on the marble pillar shall be hung
The lute to which the royal madman sung.

Who, Catiline ³⁷, can boast a nobler line,
Than thy lewd friend Cethegus's and thine?

tion to oppose such troops, fell into despair ; which turned to an uncertainty what measures to take, whether to poison himself, or beg pardon of the people, or endeavour to make his escape. The last of these methods seemed most advisable ; he therefore put himself into disguise, and crept with four attendants only into a poor cottage ; where perceiving he was pursued, as a sacrifice to the public vengeance, and apprehending the rabble would treat him barbarously if he fell into their hands, with much ado he resolved to stab himself.

³⁷ Catiline's conspiracy is a story too well known to be insisted on. He was of a noble family, but by his extravagancies had reduced himself to great want, which engaged him in bad practices. The Roman armies were then pursuing conquests in remote provinces, which Catiline judged the most seasonable opportunity for undertaking some desperate design. He therefore entered into a conspiracy with Cethegus, Lentulus, and

Yet you took arms, and did by night conspire
 To set our houses and our gods on fire :
 (An enterprise which might indeed become
 Our enemies the Gauls, not sons of Rome ;
 To recompense whose barbarous intent,
 Pitch'd shirts ³⁸ would be too mild a punishment)
 But Tully ³⁹, our wise consul, watch'd the blow,
 With care discover'd, and disarm'd the foe :

other Senators, and persons considerable by their births and employments, to make themselves absolute masters of their country, by seizing the Senate, plundering the treasury, and burning the city.

³⁸ Incendiaries by the Roman law were wrapped in a pitched coat (which they called *tunica molesta*) and burnt alive: as we see by Tacitus Ann. sect. 41. Where Nero, after having set Rome on fire, lays the blame and punishment on the Christians; by ordering them, with a cruel jest, to be lighted up, and serve as torches, when it was dark.

³⁹ One Fulvia (whom Livy calls a common whore, though Plutarch makes her pass for a lady of quality) came to have some knowledge of this enterprise, and discovered it to Cicero, (a person whom Paterculus elegantly calls *Virum Novitatis Nobilissima*; since he was a man of mean parentage, born at Arpinum, an inconsiderable town among the Volscians, but by his eloquence raised himself to the chief dignities of state, and happened to be consul at that time) who assembled the Senate, and by a severe oration accused and convicted Catiline. However he, with a few of his party, found means to make his escape towards Tuscany, and put himself at the head of some troops which Manlius had got together in those parts, threatening publicly that he would put out the fire of the city by the ruins of it. In the mean time, Cethegus, Lentulus, and several other complices, were seized and strangled in prison by order of the Senate, at Cato's persuasion: and Calus Antonius Nepos, who was joint consul with Cicero, marched with what forces he could raise against Catiline, who in a sharp battle was killed upon the spot, with most of his followers; and (as Paterculus observes) *Quem spiritum supplicio debuerat, praelio redidit.*

Tully, the humble mushroom, scarcely known,
 The lowly native of a country town,
 (Who, till of late, could never reach the height
 Of being honour'd as a Roman knight)
 Throughout the trembling city plac'd a guard,
 Dealing an equal share to every ward,
 And by the peaceful robe got more renown
 Within our walls, than young Octavius won
 By victories at Actium ⁴⁰, or the plain
 Of Thessaly ⁴¹, discolour'd by the slain:
 Him, therefore, Rome in gratitude decreed
 The father of his country, which he freed.

Marius ⁴² (another consul we admire),
 In the same village born, first plough'd for hire;
 His next advance was to the soldier's trade,
 Where, if he did not nimbly ply the spade,
 His surly officer ne'er fail'd to crack
 His knotty cudgel on his tougher back.
 Yet he alone secur'd the tottering state,
 Withstood the Cimbrians, and redeem'd our fate:

⁴⁰ A promontory of Epirus, near the island Leucas, where Antony and Cleopatra were ruined by a famous sea-fight.

⁴¹ The fields near Philippi in Thessaly, where Brutus and Cassius were defeated.

⁴² Caius Marius was likewise born at Arpinum, and of such poor parents that he was first a ploughman, then a common soldier; yet at last, by his merit, arrived to the highest employments. Once, while he was Consul, (for that honour was seven times conferred on him) the Cimbrians attempted to make an excursion into Italy; but he killed 140,000 of them, and made 60,000 prisoners: for which victory a triumph was ordained him by the Senate. But, to decline the envy which might be raised by his good fortune, he solicited that Q. Lutatius Catulus, his colleague (who was of a noble family), might be permitted to triumph with him, though he had no share in the action.

So when the eagles to their quarry flew,
(Who never such a goodly banquet knew)
Only a second laurel did adorn
His colleague Catulus, though nobly born;
He shar'd the pride of the triumphal bay,
But Marius won the glory of the day.

From a mean stock the pious Decii came ⁴³;
Small their estates, and vulgar was their name:
Yet such their virtues, that their loss alone
For Rome and all our legions did atone;
Their country's doom they by their own retriev'd;
Themselves more worth than all the host they sav'd.
The last good king ⁴⁴ who willing Rome obey'd,
Was the poor offspring of a captive maid;

⁴³ Among the Romans there was a superstition, that if their general would consent to be devoted, or sacrificed to Jupiter, Mars, the earth, and the infernal gods; all the misfortunes which otherwise might have happened to his party would by his death be transferred on their enemies. This opinion was confirmed by several successful instances; particularly two, in the persons of the Decii, the father and son here mentioned. The first being consul with Manlius in the wars against the Latins, and perceiving the left wing, which he commanded, give back, he called out to Valerius, the high-priest, to perform on him the ceremony of consecration (which we find described by Livy in his 8th Book), and immediately spurred his horse into the thickest of his enemies' forces, where he was killed, and the Roman army gained the battle. His son died in the same manner in the wars against the Gauls; and the Romans, likewise, obtained the victory.

⁴⁴ Servius Tullius was son to Oriculana, whom Juvenal calls a serving-maid; but Livy supposes her to have been wife to a prince of Corniculum, who was killed at the taking of the town, and his wife was carried away captive by Tarquinius Priscus, and presented as a slave to his wife Tanaquil, in whose service she was delivered of this Tullius. The family had a great respect for the child, because of a lambent fire they ob-

Yet he those robes of empire justly bore
 Which Romulus, our sacred founder, wore :
 Nicely he gain'd, and well possess'd the throne, }
 Not for his father's merit, but his own ; }
 And reign'd, himself a family alone.

When Tarquin⁴⁵, his proud successor, was quell'd,
 And with him lust and tyranny expell'd ;
 The consul's sons⁴⁶ (who for their country's good,
 And to enhance the honour of their blood,

served to play about his head while he slept, which was interpreted as an omen of his future greatness ; therefore, care was taken of his education, and at last he was contracted to the king's daughter : whereupon Ancus Martius's two sons (who were the true heirs of the crown), fearing his marriage might hinder their succession, hired two shepherds to assassinate Tarquinius, which they undertook, but could not execute so dexterously as was expected ; for the king lived some days after the blow was given, during which time Tanaquil caused the gates of the palace to be kept shut, and amused the people (who were eager on a new election) with assurances that the wound was not mortal ; that the king was in a fair way of recovery, and till he could appear abroad, required them to pay obedience to Servius Tullius ; who, by this means, first got possession of the government in the king's name, and after his death usurped it forty-four years in his own. At last, he was forced out of the senate by Lucius Tarquinius, thrown down stairs, and murdered by his orders. Livy adds this commendation, *That with him *justa ac legitima regna occiderunt* ;* which agrees with Juvenal's calling him ' The last good king.' For (⁴⁵) Tarquin, who reigned twenty-five years after him, was hated for his pride and cruelty, and for the barbarous rape which his son Sextus committed on Lucretia, wife to Collatinus ; who, by the help of (⁴⁷) L. Junius Brutus, revenged this injury, by driving Tarquin and his whole race out of Rome ; which from that time began to be governed by consuls : and, the better to secure their liberty, Brutus administered an oath, by which the Romans obliged themselves never to suffer any more kings ; and made

Should have asserted what their father 47 won;
 And, to confirm that liberty, have done [own; }
 Actions, which Cocles 48 might have wish'd his }
 What might to 49 Mutius wonderful appear;
 And what bold Clelia 50 might with envy hear)
 Open'd the gates, endeavouring to restore
 Their banish'd king, and arbitrary power :
 Whilst a poor slave, 51 with scarce a name, betray'd
 The horrid ills these well-born rogues had laid ;

a decree, (which proved fatal to his family) whereby it was declared a capital crime in any person who should endeavour by any means to bring back the Tarquins. However, they gave not over their pretensions, but sent ambassadors under pretence of soliciting that their estates, at least, might be restored to them ; but underhand to insinuate themselves among the loose young noblemen (who grew weary of a commonwealth, because the rigour of their new laws did not tolerate that licentious way of living which they enjoyed under the government of their kings), and to concert with them the best methods towards their restoration. This design was first proposed to the Aquilii and Vitellii. The last of these were brothers to Brutus's wife, and by that alliance easily engaged (46) Titus and Tiberius (two sons he had by her) in the conspiracy ; the sum of which was, that the gates of the city should be left open for the Tarquins to enter in the night-time ; and that the ambassador might be assured of their sincerity, each member of the cabal delivered them the night before they were to return, letters under their own hands for the Tarquins, with promises to this effect.

51 Vindicius, a slave who waited at table, by chance overheard part of their discourse ; and, comparing these circumstances with some others he had observed in their former conferences, he went straight to the consuls, and told what he had discovered. Orders were immediately issued out for searching the ambassadors ; the letters above-mentioned were intercepted, the criminals seized, and the proof being evident against them, they suffered the punishment (which was newly introduced) of

Who, therefore, for their treason justly bore
The rods and axe, ne'er us'd in Rome before.

If you have strength Achilles' arms to bear,
And courage to sustain a ten years' war;
Though foul Thersites ⁵² got thee, thou shalt be
More lov'd by all, and more esteem'd by me,
Than if by chance you from some hero came,
In nothing like your father but his name.

being tied naked to a stake, where they were first whipped by the lictors, then beheaded: and Brutus, by virtue of his office, was unhappily obliged to see this rigorous sentence executed on his own children!

To pursue the story; the Tarquins finding their plot had miscarried, and fearing nothing could be done by treachery, struck up an alliance with Porsenna, King of Tuscany; who, pretending to restore them by open force, marched with a numerous army, and besieged Rome: but was soon surprised with three such instances of the Roman bravery, in the persons of Cocles, Mutius, and Clelia, that he withdrew his army, and courted their friendship.

⁴⁸ Horatius Cocles being posted to guard a bridge, which he perceived the enemy would soon be master of, he stood resolutely and opposed part of their army, while the party he commanded repassed the bridge, and broke it down after them; and then threw himself, armed as he was, into the Tyber, and escaped to the city.

⁴⁹ Mutius Scævola went into the enemies' camp with a resolution to kill their king Porsenna, but instead of striking him, stabbed one of his guards; and being brought before the king and finding his error, in indignation he burned off his right-hand as a penalty for his mistake.

⁵⁰ Clelia, a Roman virgin, who was given to Porsenna as an hostage, made her escape from the guards, and swam over the Tyber.

⁵² The ugly buffoon of the Grecian army.

Boast then your blood, and your long lineage
stretch

As high as Rome, and its great founders reach :
You'll find, in these hereditary tales,
Your ancestors the scum of broken gaols ⁵³;
And Romulus, ⁵⁴ your honours' ancient source,
But a poor shepherd's boy, or something worse.

⁵³ Romulus, finding the city, called by his name, not sufficiently peopled, established an asylum, or sanctuary, where all outlaws, vagabonds, and criminals, of what nature soever, who could make their escape thither, might live in all freedom and security.

⁵⁴ The author either means the bastard of Mars, and Rhea Silvia a vestal virgin, of whose rape we have a relation in the beginning of Ovid's Third Book *De Fastis*; or a parricide, for killing his brother Remus.

JUVENAL.

SATIRE IX.

BY STEPHEN HARVEY, ESQ.

ARGUMENT.

Juvenal here (in dialogue with Nevolus) exposes the detestable vice then practised in Rome, and the covetousness of a rich old citizen, which so prevailed over his pleasure, that he would not gratify the drudge who had so often obliged him in the lewd enjoyment of his desire.

Juvenal.

TELL me, why, sauntering thus from place to place,
I meet thee (Nevolus) with a clouded face?
What human ills can urge to this degree?
Not vanquish'd Marsyas ¹ had a brow like thee;
Nor Ravola so sneak'd and hung his head,
Catch'd with that lewd bawd, Rhodope, in bed:
Our grand beau Pollio ² seem'd not half so sad
When not a drachma could in Rome be had:
When treble use he proffer'd for a friend,
And tempting bribes did to the scriveners send;
Yet none he found so much a fool to lend. }

¹ A Phrygian, who, challenging Apollo at music, was overcome, and flayed alive for his presumption.

² A fop in Rome, that had run out his estate.

Hard fate ! untrull'd is now the charming dye,
The playhouse and the parks unvisited must lie ;
The beauteous nymph in vain he does adore,
And his gilt chariot wheels must roll no more.

But why these frightful wrinkles in thy prime ?
That show old age so long before the time :
At lowest ebb of fortune when you lay,
(Contented then) how merry was the day.
But, oh ! the curse of wishing to be great :
Dazzled with hope we cannot see the cheat ;
Where wild ambition in the heart we find,
Farewel content and quiet of the mind.
For glittering clouds we leave the solid shore,
And wonted happiness returns no more.
Till such aspiring thoughts had fill'd thy breast,
No man so pleasant, such a cheerful guest ;
So brisk, so gay, of that engaging air,
No mirth was crown'd till Nevolus was there :
The scene's now chang'd, that frolic genius fled,
And gloomy thought seems enter'd in its stead ;
Thy clothes worn out, not hands nor linen clean,
And thy bare skin through the large rents is seen ;
Thy locks uncomb'd, like a rough wood appear,
And every part seems suited to thy care.
Where's now that labour'd niceness in thy dress,
And all those arts that did the spark express ?
A look so pale no Quartan ever gave,
Thy dwindled legs seem crawling to a grave :
When we are touch'd with some important ill,
How vainly silence would our grief conceal !
Sorrow nor joy can be disguis'd by art,
Our foreheads blab the secrets of our heart ;
By which, (alas !) 'tis evident and plain
Thy hopes are dash'd, and thy endeavours vain.

And yet 'tis strange! But lately thou wert known
For the most envied stallion of the town.

What conscious shrine³, what cell by thee unsought,
Where love's dark pleasures might be sold and
bought?

From human view you hid these deeds of lust,
But gods in brass and marble you could trust:
Ceres⁴ herself not scap'd; for where can be
From bawds and prostitutes an altar free?
Nor didst thou only for the females burn,
The husband and the wife succeeded in their turn.

Nev. This life I own to some has prosperous been;
But I have no such golden minutes seen:
Right have you hit the cause of my distress,
None has earn'd more, and been rewarded less;
All I can gain is but a threadbare coat,
And that with utmost pains and drudging got:
Some single money too, but that, alas!
Broken and counterfeit, will hardly pass.
Whilst others, pamper'd in their shameless pride,
Are serv'd in plate, and in their chariots ride:
Tell me what mortal can his grief contain,
That has, like me, such reason to complain?
On fate alone man's happiness depends,
To parts conceal'd fates prying power extends:
And if our stars of their kind influence fail,
The gifts of nature, what will they avail?
The gifts of nature! Curse upon the thought,
By that alone I am to ruin brought.

³ The temples and images of their gods were (by night) the common places of assignation.

⁴ To the temple of Ceres only the chaste and strictest matrons were admitted, &c.

Old Virro did the fatal secret hear,
(But curse on fame that bore it to his ear.)
What soft address his wooing did begin?
What oaths, what promises to draw me in?
Scarce could they fail to make a virgin sin.
Who would not then swear Nevolus had sped,
And golden showers were dropping on his head?
But oh! this wretch, this prodigy behold!
A slave at once to lechery and gold!
For in the act of his lewd brutal joy,
'Sirrah! My rogue, (he cries) mine own dear boy!
My lad, my life! already ask for more?
I paid last bout, and you must quit the score.'
'Poor five sestertia⁵ have been all my gains,
And what is that for such detested pains?'
What is an ease and pleasure, could'st thou say
(Where nature's law forbids) to force my way
To the digested meals of yesterday?
The slave more toil'd and harass'd will be found,
Who digs his master's buttocks, than his ground:
But sure old Virro thinks himself a boy,
Whom Jove once more might languish to enjoy;
Sees not his wither'd face and grizly hair, [fair;
But would be thought smooth, charming, soft, and
With female pride would have his love be sought,
And every smile with a rich present bought.
Say, goat, for whom this mass of wealth you heap?
For whom thy hoarded bags in silence sleep?
Apulian farms, for the rich soil admir'd?
And thy large fields where falcons may be tir'd?
Thy fruitful vineyards on Campanian hills?
(Though none drink less, yet none more vessels fills)

⁵ A small coin among the Romans.

From such a store 'tis barbarous to grudge
A small relief to your exhausted drudge.
Weigh well the matter, wer't not fitter much
The poor inhabitants of yonder thatch
Call'd me their lord (who to extremes am driven)
Than to some worthless sycophant be given?
(Yet what smooth sycophant by thee can gain?
When lust itself strikes thy flint-heart in vain?)
'A beggar! Fie! 'tis impudence,' (he cried)
And such mean shifting answers still replied:
But rent unpaid says, beg till Virro grant;
(How ill does modesty consist with want!)
My single boy (like Polyphemus' eye⁶)
Mourns his harsh fate, and weeps for a supply.
One will not do, hard labour'd and hard fed,
How then shall hungry two expect their bread?
What shall I say, when rough December storms?
When frosts and snow have cramp'd their naked
arms?

What comforts without money can I bring?
Will they be satisfied to think on spring?

These motives urg'd to his obdurate mind,
Is casting water to the adverse wind:
But one thing yet, base wretch, I must impart,
Thyself shalt own, ungrateful as thou art.
At your intreaties, had not I obey'd,
Still your deluded wife had been a maid:
Down on the bridal-bed a maid she lay,
A maid she rose at the approaching day.

⁶ A giant of Sicily, and one of the Cyclops who had but one eye, and that in his forehead, which Ulysses by craft put out, and escaped from him, &c.

Another night thy lumpish love she tried,
But still she rose a virgin and a bride.
What could have touch'd her more! away she flung,
And every street of thy lost manhood rung.
Her speaking eyes were full of thy disgrace;
And her vex'd thoughts abhor'd the cold embrace.
Such wrongs, what wishing woman could have borne?
In rage the marriage-articles were torn:
Yet when she vow'd to see thy face no more,
And, heartless, thou stood'st whining at the door,
I met the angry fair, all over charms,
And catch'd her flying from thy frozen arms.
Much pains it cost to right the injur'd dame;
A whole night's vigour to repair thy shame:
Witness yourself, who heard the labouring bed,
And shrieks at the departing maidenhead;
Thus many a spouse, who would her choice recant,
Is kept obedient, by a kind gallant.
Now could you shift all this, and pass it o'er,
Yet (monster) I have left one instance more.
Think, if so well her business I have done,
As that night's service may produce a son;
Our Roman laws great privilege afford
To him that stands a father on record:
Thyself, 'tis true, a cuckold thou must own,
But that reproach is in my breast alone;
To me the pleasure be, to thee the fame,
My brat shall thy abilities proclaim;
And free thee ever from inglorious shame. }
Let circling wreaths adorn thy crowded door,
Matrons, and girls, shall hoot at thee no more,
But stories to thy lasting credit raise,
While fumbling fribbles grudge thy borrow'd praise.

Juv. True, Nevolus, most aptly you complain ;
But though your griefs are just, they are in vain :
Your service past, he does with scorn forget,
And seeks some other fool, like thee, to cheat.

Neb. Beware, my friend, and what I now reveal,
As the great secret of thy life conceal ;
A lustful pathic, when he turns a foe,
He gives, like destiny, a wardless blow :
His crimes are such, they will not bear a jest,
And fire and sword pursue the conscious breast.
For sweet revenge no drugs will be too dear ;
In lust, a miser ; but a spendthrift here.
Then slight him not, nor with his scandal sport,
But be as mute as was the Athenian court⁷ :

Juv. Dull Corydon⁸ ! Art thou so stupid grown,
To think a rich man's faults can be unknown ?
Has he not slaves about him ? Would not they
Rejoice and laugh, such secrets to betray ?
What more effectual to revenge their wrongs,
Than the unbounded freedom of their tongues ?
Or grant it possible to silence those,
Dumb beasts and statues would his crimes expose ;
Try to imprison the resistless wind,
So swift is guilt, so hard to be confin'd ;
Though crafty tears should cast a veil between,
Yet in the dark his vices would be seen :
And there's a lust in man no charm can tame,
Of loudly publishing our neighbour's shame :

⁷ The Areopagus, or court of Justice at Athens ; where they gave sentence by characters and signs, &c.

⁸ The common name of a shepherd, which he applies to Nevolus, for his ignorance and simplicity, in thinking the vices of great men can be concealed.

On eagle-wings immortal scandals fly,
While virtuous actions are but born, and die.

Let us live well, were it alone for this,—
The baneful tongues of servants to despise.
Slander (the worst of poisons) ever finds
An easy entrance to ignoble minds;
And they whose vicious lives such abject foes must
fear,
More mean and wretched far than their own slaves
appear.

Nev. Your counsel's good and useful, 'tis confess'd;
But (oh) to me it is in vain address'd:
Let the great man, whom gaping crowds attend,
Fear a scourg'd slave, or a dissembling friend;
No matter what I do, or what I say,
I have no spies about me to betray:
And you advise me now my time is lost,
And all my hopes of prosperous hours are cross'd;
My full-blown youth already fades apace,
(Of our short being, 'tis the shortest space!)
While melting pleasures in our arms are found;
While lovers smile, and while the bowl goes round;
While in surprising joys entranc'd we lie,
Old age creeps on us, ere we think it nigh.

Juv. Fear not; thy trade will never find an end;
While yon hills⁹ stand thou can'st not want a friend;
By land and sea, from every point they come,
Then dread no dearth of prostitutes at Rome.

Nev. Tell this to happier men, for I am sped;
If all my drudging can procure me bread.

Ye deities! The substitutes of Heav'n!
To whom the guide of human life is giv'n;

The seven hills on which Rôme was built.

At whose lov'd altars, with an ample zeal,
 (Though slender sacrifice) I daily kneel;
 His ebbing hours let your poor suppliant see,
 From the mean crutch, and a thatch'd cottage, free;
 No shameful want, nor troublesome disease,
 But easy death approaching by degrees:
 Necessity supplied, would comfort bring;
 Yet constant store would be a glorious thing.
 To treat a friend, methinks, I would afford,
 While silver bowls stand smiling on my board;
 And when the cares of Rome to pleasure yield,
 Two Mæsiæ¹⁰ slaves should bear me to the field;
 Where, on their brawny shoulders mounted high,
 While the brave youth their various manhood try,
 I would the thrones of emperors defy.
 Superfluous wealth, and pomp, I not desire;
 But what content and decency require.
 Then might I live by my own surly rules,
 Not forc'd to worship knaves, nor flatter fools:
 And thus secur'd of ease, by shunning strife,
 With pleasure would I sail down the swift stream of
 life.

But oh! ridiculous vain wish, for one
 Already lost, and doom'd to be undone.
 Alas! what hope remains! for to my pray'rs
 Regardless fortune stops her wounded ears:
 As to the Syrens' charms¹¹, Ulysses' mariners.

¹⁰ Mæsia, a place near Tuscany, famous for the great size and strength of the inhabitants.

¹¹ Mermaids on the coast of Sicily, whose charms Ulysses (being forewarned) avoided, by stopping his mariners ears with wax, and so sailed by them securely; at which disappointment they threw themselves into the sea, and were turned into rocks, &c. Hom. *Odyssey*, l. 12.

JUVENAL.

SATIRE X.

BY MR. DRYDEN.

ARGUMENT.

The poet's design, in this divine Satire, is to represent the various wishes and desires of mankind, and to set out the folly of them. He runs through all the several heads of riches, honours, eloquence, fame for martial achievements, long life, and beauty; and gives instances, in each, how frequently they have proved the ruin of those that owned them. He concludes, therefore, that since we generally choose so ill for ourselves, we should do better to leave it to the gods to make the choice for us. All we can safely ask of Heaven lies within a very small compass. It is but 'health of body and mind:—And if we have these, it is not much matter what we want besides; for we have already enough to make us happy.

Look round the habitable world, how few
Know their own good; or, knowing it, pursue!
How void of reason are our hopes and fears!
What in the conduct of our life appears
So well design'd, so luckily begun,
But, when we have our wish, we wish undone?

Whole houses, of their whole desires possess'd,
Are often ruin'd, at their own request.

In wars, and peace, things hurtful we require,
When made obnoxious to our own desire.

With laurels some have fatally been crown'd;
Some, who the depths of eloquence have found,
In that unnavigable stream were drown'd. }

The brawny fool¹, who did his vigour boast,
In that presuming confidence was lost;
But more have been by avarice oppress'd,
And heaps of money crowded in the chest;
Unwieldy sums of wealth, which higher mount
Than files of marshall'd figures can account;
To which the stores of Cræsus, in the scale,
Would look like little dolphins, when they sail }
In the vast shadow of the British whale.

For this, in Nero's arbitrary time,
When virtue was a guilt, and wealth a crime,
A troop of cut-throat guards were sent to seize
The rich men's goods, and gut their palaces:
The mob, commission'd by the government,
Are seldom to an empty garret sent.
The fearful passenger, who travels late,
Charg'd with the carriage of a paltry plate,
Shakes at the moonshine shadow of a rush,
And sees a red coat rise from every bush:
The beggar sings, ev'n when he sees the place
Beset with thieves, and never mends his pace.

Of all the vows, the first and chief request
Of each, is to be richer than the rest:

¹ Milo of Crotona; who for a trial of his strength, going to rend an oak, perished in the attempt: for his arms were caught in the trunk of it; and he was devoured by wild beasts.

And yet no doubts the poor man's draught control,
He dreads no poison in his homely bowl.
Then fear the deadly drug, when gems divine
Enchase the cup, and sparkle in the wine.

Will you not now the pair of sages praise,
Who the same end pursued, by several ways?
One pitied, one contemn'd the woful times;
One laugh'd at follies, one lamented crimes:
Laughter is easy; but the wonder lies,
What store of brine supplied the weeper's eyes.
Democritus could feed his spleen, and shake
His sides and shoulders till he felt 'em ake;
Though in his country-town no lictors were,
Nor rods, nor axe, nor tribune did appear;
Nor all the foppish gravity of show,
Which cunning magistrates on crowds bestow?

What had he done, had he beheld on high
Our prætor seated, in mock majesty;
His chariot rolling o'er the dusty place,
While, with dumb pride, and a set formal face,
He moves, in the dull ceremonial track,
With Jove's embroider'd coat upon his back?
A suit of hangings had not more oppress'd
His shoulders, than that long, laborious vest:
A heavy gewgaw, call'd a crown, that spread
About his temples, drown'd his narrow head;
And would have crush'd it with the massy freight,
But that a sweating slave sustain'd the weight:
A slave in the same chariot seen to ride,
To mortify the mighty madman's pride.
Add now the imperial eagle, rais'd on high,
With golden beak (the mark of majesty);
Trumpets before, and on the left and right,
A cavalcade of nobles, all in white:

In their own natures false and flattering tribes,
But made his friends—by places and by bribes.

In his own age, Democritus could find
Sufficient cause to laugh at human kind :
Learn from so great a wit ; a land of bogs
With ditches fenc'd, a heaven fat with fogs,
May form a spirit fit to sway the state,
And make the neighbouring monarchs fear their fate.

He laughs at all the vulgar cares and fears ;
At their vain triumphs, and their vainer tears :
An equal temper in his mind he found,
When Fortune flatter'd him, and when she frown'd.
'Tis plain, from hence, that what our vows request
Are hurtful things, or useless at the best.

Some ask for envied power ; which public hate
Pursues, and hurries headlong to their fate :
Down go the titles ; and the statue crown'd,
Is by base hands in the next river drown'd.
The guiltless horses and the chariot wheel
The same effects of vulgar fury feel :
The smith prepares his hammer for the stroke,
While the lung'd bellows hissing fire provoke ;
Sejanus ², almost first of Roman names,
The great Sejanus crackles in the flames :
Form'd in the forge, the pliant brass is laid
On anvils ; and of head and limbs are made,
Pans, cans, and pisspots, a whole kitchen trade. }

² Sejanus was Tiberius's first favourite ; and, while he continued so, had the highest marks of honour bestowed on him ; statues and triumphal chariots were everywhere erected to him : but as soon as he fell into disgrace with the emperor, these were all immediately dismounted ; and the senate and common people insulted over him as meanly as they had fawned on him before.

Adorn your doors with laurels; and a bull,
Milk-white, and large, lead to the capitol;
Sejanus with a rope is dragg'd along,
The sport and laughter of the giddy throng!
' Good lord!' they cry, ' what Ethiop lips he has,
How foul a snout, and what a hanging face!
By heaven, I never could endure his sight;
But say, how came his monstrous crimes to light?
What is the charge, and who the evidence—
The saviour of the nation and the prince?
' Nothing of this; but our old Cæsar sent
A noisy letter to his parliament.'
' Nay, sirs, if Cæsar writ, I ask no more;
He's guilty; and the question's out of door.'
How goes the mob? (for that's a mighty thing)
When the king's trump, the mob are for the king:
They follow fortune, and the common cry
Is still against the rogue condemn'd to die.

But the same very mob, that rascal crowd,
Had cried Sejanus, with a shout as loud;
Had his designs (by fortune's favour bless'd)
Succeeded, and the prince's age oppress'd.
But long, long since, the times have chang'd their
The people grown degenerate and base; [face,
Not suffer'd now the freedom of their choice,
To make their magistrates, and sell their voice.

Our wise forefathers, great by sea and land,
Had once the power and absolute command;
All offices of trust themselves dispos'd;
Rais'd whom they pleas'd, and whom they pleas'd
But we, who give our native rights away, [depos'd.
And our enslav'd posterity betray,
Are now reduc'd to beg an alms, and go
On holidays to see a puppet-show.

‘There was a damn’d design,’ cries one, ‘no doubt;
For warrants are already issued out:
I met Brutidius in a mortal fright;
He’s dip’d for certain, and plays least in sight:
I fear the rage of our offended prince,
Who thinks the senate slack in his defence!
Come let us haste, our loyal zeal to show,
And spurn the wretched corpse of Cæsar’s foe:
But let our slaves be present there, lest they
Accuse their masters, and for gain betray.’
Such were the whispers of those jealous times,
About Sejanus’ punishment and crimes.

Now tell me truly, wouldst thou change thy fate
To be, like him, first minister of state?
To have thy levees crowded with resort,
Of a depending, gaping, servile court:
Dispose all honours of the sword and gown,
Grace with a nod, and ruin with a frown;
To hold thy prince in pupillage, and sway
That monarch, whom the master’d world obey?
While he, intent on secret lust alone,
Lives to himself, abandoning the throne;
Coop’d in a narrow isle³, observing dreams
With flattering wizards, and erecting schemes!
I well believe, thou wouldst be great as he;
For every man’s a fool to that degree;
All wish the dire prerogative to kill;
Ev’n they would have the power, who want the
will:

³ The island of Caprea, which lies about a league out at sea from the Campanian shore, was the scene of Tiberius’s pleasures in the latter part of his reign. There he lived for some years, with diviners, soothsayers, and worse company.—— And from thence dispatched all his orders to the senate.

But wouldst thou have thy wishes understood,
To take the bad together with the good?
Wouldst thou not rather choose a small renown,
To be the mayor of some poor paltry town;
Bigly to look, and barbarously to speak;
To pound false weights, and scanty measures break?
Then, grant we that Sejanus went astray
In every wish, and knew not how to pray:
For he who grasp'd the world's exhausted store,
Yet never had enough, but wish'd for more,
Rais'd a top-heavy tower, of monstrous height,
Which, moulder'ing, crush'd him underneath the
weight.

What did the mighty Pompey's fall beget?
It ruin'd him ⁴, who, greater than the great,
The stubborn pride of Roman nobles broke,
And bent their haughty necks beneath his yoke:
What else but his immoderate lust of pow'r,
Prayers made and granted in a luckless hour?
For few usurpers to the shades descend
By a dry death, or with a quiet end.

The boy, who scarce has paid his entrance down
To his proud pedant, or declin'd a noun,
(So small an elf, that when the days are foul,
He and his satchel must be borne to school,)
Yet prays, and hopes, and aims at nothing less,
To prove a Tully, or Demosthenes ⁵:
But both those orators, so much renown'd,
In their own depths of eloquence were drown'd;

⁴ Julius Cæsar, who got the better of Pompey, that was styled 'The Great.'

⁵ Demosthenes and Tully both died for their oratory. Demosthenes gave himself poison, to avoid being carried to An-

The hand and head were never lost, of those
Who dealt in doggrel, or who pun'd in prose.

‘ Fortune foretun'd the dying notes of Rome ⁶,
‘ Till I, thy consul sole, consol'd thy doom.’
His fate had crept below the lifted swords,
Had all his malice been to murder words :
I rather would be Mævius, thrash for rhymes
Like his, the scorn and scandal of the times,
Than that Philippic 7, fatally divine,
Which is inscrib'd the Second, should be mine.
Nor he, the wonder of the Grecian throng,
Who drove them with the torrent of his tongue,
Who shook the theatres, and sway'd the state
Of Athens, found a more propitious fate.
Whom, born beneath a boding horoscope,
His sire, the blear-ey'd Vulcan of a shop,
From Mars's forge sent to Minerva's schools,
To learn the' unlucky art of wheedling fools.

With itch of honour and opinion, vain,
All things beyond their native worth we strain :
The spoils of war ⁸, brought to Feretrian Jove,
An empty coat of armour hung above
The conqueror's chariot, and in triumph borne,
A streamer from a boarded galley torn,

tipater, one of Alexander's captains, who had then made himself master of Athens. Tully was murdered by M. Anthony's order, in return for those invectives he had made against him.

⁶ The Latin of this couplet is a famous verse of Tully's, in which he sets out the happiness of his own consulship; famous for the vanity and the ill poetry of it. For Tully, as he had a great deal of the one, so he had no great share of the other.

⁷ The orations of Tully, against M. Anthony, were styled by him Philippics, in imitation of Demosthenes; who had given that name before to those he made against Philip of Macedon.

⁸ This is a mock account of a Roman triumph.

A chap-fall'n beaver loosely hanging by
The cloven helm, an arch of victory,
On whose high convex sits a captive foe,
And sighing casts a mournful look below ;
Of every nation, each illustrious name,
Such toys as these have cheated into fame :
Exchanging solid quiet, to obtain
The windy satisfaction of the brain.

So much the thirst of honour fires the blood ;
So many would be great, so few be good.
For who would virtue for herself regard,
Or wed, without the portion of reward ?
Yet this mad chase of fame, by few pursued,
Has drawn destruction on the multitude :
This avarice of praise in times to come,
Those long inscriptions, crowded on the tomb,
Should some wild fig-tree take her native bent,
And heave below the gaudy monument,
Would crack the marble titles, and disperse
The characters of all the lying verse :
For sepulchres themselves must crumbling fall
In time's abyss, the common grave of all.

Great Hannibal within the balance lay ;
And tell how many pounds his ashes weigh.
Whom Afric was not able to contain,
Whose length runs level with the Atlantic main,
And wearies fruitful Nilus, to convey
His sun-beat waters by so long a way ;
Which Ethiopia's double clime divides,
And elephants in other mountains hides.
Spain first he won, the Pyrenæans pass'd,
And steepy Alps, the mounds that nature cast ;
And with corroding juices, as he went,
A passage through the living rocks he rent.

Then, like a torrent rolling from on high,
 He pours his headlong rage on Italy,
 In three victorious battles over-run ;
 Yet still uneasy, cries—There's nothing done,
 Till, level with the ground, their gates are laid,
 And Punic flags on Roman towers display'd.
 Ask what a face belong'd to his high fame ;
 His picture scarcely would deserve a frame,
 A signpost dawber would disdain to paint
 The one-eyed hero on his elephant.
 Now what's his end, O charming glory ! say,
 What rare fifth act to crown his huffing play ?
 In one deciding battle overcome,
 He flies, is banish'd from his native home ;
 Begg refuge in a foreign court, and there
 Attends, his mean petition to prefer ;
 Repuls'd by surly grooms, who wait before
 The sleeping tyrant's interdicted door. [design'd,
 What wondrous sort of death has heaven }
 Distinguish'd from the herd of human kind, }
 For so untam'd, so turbulent a mind !
 Nor swords at hand, nor hissing darts afar,
 Are doom'd to' avenge the tedious bloody war,
 But poison, drawn through a ring's hollow plate,
 Must finish him ; a sucking infant's fate.
 Go, climb the rugged Alps, ambitious fool !
 To please the boys, and be a theme at school.
 One world suffic'd not Alexander's mind :
 Coop'd up, he seem'd in earth and seas confin'd ;
 And, struggling, stretch'd his restless limbs about
 The narrow globe, to find a passage out.
 Yet, enter'd in the brick-built town⁹, he tried
 The tomb, and found the strait dimensions wide.

⁹ Babylon, where Alexander died.

Death only this mysterious truth unfolds,
The mighty soul how small a body holds !

Old Greece a tale of Athos ¹⁰ would make out,
Cut from the continent, and sail'd about;
Seas hid with navies, chariots passing o'er
The channel, on a bridge from shore to shore :
Rivers, whose depth no sharp beholder sees,
Drunk at an army's dinner to the lees ;
With a long legend of romantic things,
Which in his cups the bowsy poet sings.
But how did he return, this haughty brave,
Who whipp'd the winds, and made the sea his slave?
(Though Neptune took unkindly to be bound,
And Eurys never such hard usage found
In his Æolian prison under ground ;)
What god so mean, ev'n he who points the way ¹¹,
So merciless a tyrant to obey !
But how return'd he, let us ask again ?
In a poor skiff he pass'd the bloody main,
Chok'd with the slaughter'd bodies of his train.

¹⁰ Xerxes is represented in history after a very romantic manner; affecting fame beyond measure, and doing the most extravagant things to compass it. Mount Athos made a prodigious promontory in the Ægæan Sea : he is said to have cut a channel through it, and to have sailed round it. He made a bridge of boats over the Hellespont, where it was three miles broad : and ordered a whipping for the winds and seas, because they had once crossed his designs ; as we have a very solemn account of it in Herodotus ! But, after all these vain boasts, he was shamefully beaten by Themistocles at Salamis ; and returned home, leaving most of his fleet behind him.

¹¹ Mercury, who was a god of the lowest size, and employed always in errands between heaven and hell. And mortals used him accordingly ; for his statues were anciently placed where roads met ; with directions on the fingers of them, pointing out the several ways to travellers.

For fame he pray'd, but let the' event declare
He had no mighty penn'worth of his pray'r.

Jove, grant me length of life, and years good store
Heap on my bended back, I ask no more !
Both sick and healthful, old and young conspire
In this one silly, mischievous desire.
Mistaken blessing which old-age they call,
'Tis a long, nasty, darksome hospital,
A ropy chain of rheums ; a visage rough,
Deform'd, unfeatur'd, and a skin of buff ;
A stitch-fall'n cheek, that hangs below the jaw ;
Such wrinkles as a skilful hand would draw
For an old grandam ape, when with a grace
She sits at squat, and scrubs her leathern face.

In youth, distinctions infinite abound ;
No shape, or feature, just alike are found !
The fair, the black, the feeble, and the strong ;
But the same foulness does to age belong,
The self-same palsy, both in limbs and tongue. }
The skull and forehead one bald barren plain ;
And gums unarm'd to mumble meat in vain :
Besides the' eternal drivel, that supplies
The dropping beard, from nostrils, mouth, and
eyes.

His wife and children loathe him ; and, what's worse,
Himself does his offensive carrion curse !
Flatterers forsake him too ; for who would kill
Himself, to be remember'd in a will ?
His taste not only pall'd to wine and meat,
But to the relish of a nobler treat,
The limber nerve, in vain provok'd to rise,
Inglorious from the field of battle flies :
Poor feeble dotard, how could he advance
With his blue headpiece, and his broken lance ?

Add, that endeavouring still without effect,
A lust more sordid justly we suspect.

Those senses lost, behold a new defeat,
The soul dislodging from another seat.
What music, or enchanting voice, can cheer
A stupid, old, impenetrable ear?

No matter in what place, or what degree
Of the full theatre he sits to see ;
Cornets and trumpets cannot reach his ear,
Under an actor's nose, he's never near.

His boy must bawl, to make him understand
The hour o' th' day, or such a lord's at hand :
The little blood that creeps within his veins,
Is but just warm'd in a hot fever's pains.
In fine, he wears no limb about him sound ;
With sores and sicknesses beleaguer'd round :
Ask me their names, I sooner could relate
How many drudges on salt Hippia wait ;
What crowds of patients the town-doctor kills,
Or how, last fall, he rais'd the weekly bills :
What provinces by Basilus were spoil'd,
What herds of heirs by guardians are beguil'd :
How many bouts a day that bitch has tried ;
How many boys that pedagogue can ride :
What lands and lordships for their owner know
My quondam barber, but his worship now.

This dotard of his broken back complains ;
One his legs fail, and one his shoulders pains :
Another is of both his eyes bereft,
And envies who has one for aiming left.

A fifth, with trembling lips expecting stands,
As in his childhood, cram'd by others hands ;
One, who at sight of supper open'd wide
His jaws before, and whetted grinders tried ;
Now only yawns, and waits to be supplied :

}

Like a young swallow, when with weary wings
Expected food her fasting mother brings.

His loss of members is a heavy curse,
But all his faculties decay'd, a worse !
His servants' names he has forgotten quite,
Knows not his friend who sup'd with him last night;
Not ev'n the children he begot and bred ;
Or his will knows 'em not ! for, in their stead,
In form of law, a common hackney jade,
Sole heir, for secret services, is made :
So lewd and such a batter'd brothel whore,
That she defies all comers, at her door.
Well, yet suppose his senses are his own,
He lives to be chief mourner for his son :
Before his face his wife and brother burns ;
He numbers all his kindred in their urns.
These are the fines he pays for living long ;
And dragging tedious age in his own wrong :
Griefs always green, a household still in tears,
Sad pomps: a threshold throng'd with daily
biers ;

And liveries of black for length of years !

Next to the raven's age, the Pylian king ¹²
Was longest liv'd of any two-leg'd thing ;
Bless'd, to defraud the grave so long, to mount
His number'd years ¹³, and on his right-hand count
Three hundred seasons, guzzling must of wine :
But hold awhile, and hear himself repine,

¹² Nestor, king of Pylus; who was three hundred years old, according to Homer's account; at least, as he is understood by his expositors.

¹³ The ancients counted by their fingers. Their left-hands served them till they came up to an hundred. After that they used the right to express all greater numbers.

At fate's unequal laws ; and at the clue
Which, merciless in length, the midmost sister
drew ¹⁴.

When his brave son upon the funeral pyre
He saw extended and his beard on fire ; [crime
He turn'd, and weeping, ask'd his friends, ' what
Had curs'd his age to this unhappy time ?'

Thus mourn'd old Peleus for Achilles slain,
And thus Ulysses' father did complain.
How fortunate an end had Priam made,
Among his ancestors a mighty shade,
While Troy yet stood : when Hector with the race
Of royal bastards might his funeral grace :
Amidst the tears of Trojan dames inurn'd,
And by his loyal daughters truly mourn'd !
Had heaven so bless'd him, he had died before
The fatal fleet to Sparta Paris bore.
But mark what age produc'd ; he liv'd to see
His town in flames, his falling monarchy.
In fine, the feeble sire, reduc'd by fate
To change his sceptre for a sword, too late
His last effort before Jove's altar tries ¹⁵,
A soldier half, and half a sacrifice :
Falls like an ox that waits the coming blow ;
Old and unprofitable to the plough.

¹⁴ The Fates were three sisters, who had all some peculiar business assigned them by the poets, in relation to the lives of men. The first held the distaff; the second spun the thread; and the third cut it.

¹⁵ Whilst Troy was sacking by the Greeks, old king Priam is said to have buckled on his armour to oppose them; which he had no sooner done, but he was met by Pyrrhus, and slain before the temple of Jupiter, in his own palace; as we have the story finely told in Virgil's Second *Æneid*.

At least, he died a man, his queen surviv'd 16
To howl, and in a barking body liv'd.

I hasten to our own; nor will relate
Great Mithridates' 17, and rich Cræsus' 18 fate;
Whom Solon wisely counsel'd to attend
The name of '*Happy*,' till he knew his end.

That Marius was an exile, that he fled,
Was ta'en, in ruin'd Carthage beg'd his bread;
All these were owing to a life too long:
For whom had Rome beheld so happy, young!
High in his chariot, and with laurel crown'd,
When he had led the Cimbrian captives round
The Roman streets, descending from his state,
In that bless'd hour he should have beg'd his fate;
Then, then, he might have died, of all admir'd,
And his triumphant soul with shouts expir'd.

Campania 19, fortune's malice to prevent,
To Pompey an indulgent favour sent:

16 Hecuba, his queen, escaped the swords of the Grecians, and outlived him. It seems, she behaved herself so fiercely and uneasily to her husband's murderers while she lived, that the poets thought fit to turn her into a bitch when she died.

17 Mithridates, after he had disputed the empire of the world for forty years together with the Romans, was at last deprived of life and empire by Pompey the Great,

18 Cræsus, in the midst of his prosperity, making his boast to Solon, how happy he was, received this answer from the wise man, 'That no one could pronounce himself *happy*, till he saw what his end should be.' The truth of this Cræsus found, when he was put in chains by Cyrus, and condemned to die.

19 Pompey, in the midst of his glory, fell into a dangerous fit of sickness, at Naples. A great many cities then made public supplications for him. He recovered, was beaten at Pharsalia, fled to Ptolemy, king of Egypt; and, instead of receiving protection at his court, had his head struck off by his orders, to please Cæsar.

But public prayers impos'd on heaven, to give
Their much-lov'd leader an unkind reprieve.
The city's fate and his conspir'd to save
The head, reserv'd for an Egyptian slave.

Cethegus ²⁰, though a traitor to the state,
And tortur'd, 'scap'd this ignominious fate:
And Sergius ²¹, who a bad cause bravely tried,
All of a piece, and undiminish'd, died.

To Venus the fond mother makes a pray'r
That all her sons and daughters may be fair:
True, for the boys a mumbling vow she sends;
But for the girls, the vaulted temple rends:
They must be finish'd pieces: 'tis allow'd
Diana's beauty made Latona proud;
And pleas'd, to see the wondering people pray
To the new-rising sister of the day.

And yet Lucretia's fate would bar that vow;
And fair Virginia ²² would her fate bestow
On Rutila; and change her faultless make
For the foul rumple of her camel-back.

But, for his mother's boy, the beau, what frights
His parents have by day, what anxious nights!
Form join'd with virtue is a sight too rare;
Chaste is no epithet to suit with fair.
Suppose the same traditionary strain
Of rigid manners, in the house remain;

²⁰ Cethegus was one that conspired with Catiline, and was put to death by the senate.

²¹ Catiline died fighting.

²² Virginia was killed by her own father, to prevent her being exposed to the lust of Appius Claudius, who had ill designs upon her. The story at large is in Livy's third book; and it is a remarkable one, as it gave occasion to the putting down the power of the Decemviri; of whom Appius was one.

Inveterate truth, an old plain Sabine's heart :
Suppose that nature, too, has done her part ;
Infus'd into his soul a sober grace,
And blush'd a modest blood into his face ;
(For nature is a better guardian far,
Than saucy pedants, or dull tutors are :)
Yet still the youth must ne'er arrive at man ;
(So much almighty bribes and presents can ;)
Ev'n with a parent, where persuasions fail,
Money is impudent, and will prevail.

We never read of such a tyrant king,
Who gelt a boy deform'd to hear him sing :
Nor Nero, in his more luxurious rage,
E'er made a mistress of an ugly page :
Sporus's spouse nor crooked was, nor lame ;
With mountain back, and belly, from the game }
Cross-bar'd : but both his sexes well became. }
Go, boast your Springal, by his beauty curs'd
To ills ; nor think I have declar'd the worst ;
His form procures him journeywork ; a strife
Betwixt town madams, and the merchant's wife :
Guess, when he undertakes this public war,
What furious beasts offended cuckolds are.

Adulterers are with dangers round beset :
Born under Mars, they cannot 'scape the net ;
And from revengeful husbands oft have tried
Worse handling than severest laws provide :
One stabs ; one slashes ; one with cruel art
Makes Colon suffer for the peccant part.

But your Endymion, your smooth, smock'd-fac'd
Unrival'd, shall a beauteous dame enjoy. [boy,
Not so : one more salacious, rich, and old,
Outbids, and buys her pleasure for her gold.

Now he must moil, and drudge, for one he loathes :
 She keeps him high, in equipage and clothes ;
 She pawns her jewels, and her rich attire,
 And thinks the workman worthy of his hire ;
 In all things else immoral, stingy, mean ;
 But, in her lusts, a conscionable quean.

‘ She may be handsome, yet be chaste,’ you say ;
 Good observator, not so fast away :
 Did it not cost the modest youth ²³ his life,
 Who shun’d the’ embraces of his father’s wife ?
 And was not t’other stripling ²⁴ forc’d to fly,
 Who coldly did his patron’s queen deny ;
 And pleaded laws of hospitality ?
 The ladies charg’d ’em home, and turn’d the tale :
 With shame they redden’d, and with spite grew pale.
 ’Tis dangerous to deny the longing dame ;
 She loses pity who has lost her shame.

Now Silius ²⁵ wants thy counsel, give advice ;
 Wed Cæsar’s wife, or die : the choice is nice.
 Her comet-eyes she darts on every grace,
 And takes a fatal liking to his face.
 Adorn’d with bridal pomp, she sits in state ;
 The public notaries and Aruspex wait :

²³ Hippolitus, the son of Theseus, was loved by his mother-in-law, Phædra. But he not complying with her, she procured his death.

²⁴ Bellerophon, the son of king Glaucus, residing some time at the court of Pætus, king of the Argives ; the queen, Sthenobæa, fell in love with him. But he refusing her, she turned the accusation upon him ; and he narrowly escaped Pætus’s vengeance.

²⁵ Messalina, wife to the emperor Claudius, infamous for her lewdness. She set her eyes upon C. Silius, a fine youth ; forced him to quit his own wife, and marry her with all the formalities of a wedding, whilst Claudius Cæsar was sacrificing at Hostia. Upon his return, he put both Silius and her to death.

The genial bed is in the garden dress'd;
The portion paid, and every rite express'd
Which in a Roman marriage is profess'd. }
'Tis no stol'n wedding, this; rejecting awe,
She scorns to marry, but in form of law:
In this moot-case, your judgment:—to refuse
Is present death; besides, the night you lose;
If you consent, 'tis hardly worth your pain;
A day or two of anxious life you gain,
Till loud reports through all the town have pass'd,
And reach the prince: for cuckolds hear the last,
Indulge thy pleasure, youth, and take thy swing;
For not to take, is but the self-same thing:
Inevitable death before thee lies;
But looks more kindly through a lady's eyes.

What then remains? Are we depriv'd of will,
Must we not wish, for fear of wishing ill?
Receive my counsel, and securely move;
Intrust thy fortune to the powers above.
Leave them to manage for thee, and to grant
What their unerring wisdom sees thee want.
In goodness as in greatness they excel;
Ah, that we lov'd ourselves but half so well!
We, blindly by our headstrong passions led,
Are hot for action, and desire to wed;
Then wish for heirs: but to the gods alone
Our future offspring, and our wives, are known; }
The' audacious strumpet, and ungracious son.

Yet not to rob the priests of pious gain,
That altars be not wholly built in vain;
Forgive the gods the rest, and stand confin'd
To health of body, and content of mind:
A soul, that can securely death defy,
And count it nature's privilege to die:

Serene and manly, harden'd to sustain
The load of life, and exercis'd in pain :
Guiltless of hate, and proof against desire ;
That all things weighs, and nothing can admire :
That dares prefer the toils of Hercules
To dalliance, banquets, and ignoble ease.

The path to peace is virtue : what I show,
Thyself may freely on thyself bestow :
Fortune was never worship'd by the wise ;
But, set aloft by fools, usurps the skies.

JUVENAL.

SATIRE XI.

BY MR. CONGREVE.

ARGUMENT.

The design of this Satire is to expose and reprehend all manner of intemperance and debauchery; but more particularly touches that exorbitant luxury used by the Romans, in their feasting. The poet draws the occasion from an invitation, which he here makes to his friend, to dine with him; very artfully preparing him, with what he was to expect from his treat, by beginning his Satire with a particular invective against the vanity and folly of some persons, who, having but mean fortunes in the world, attempted to live up to the height of men of great estates and quality. He shows us the miserable end of such spendthrifts and gluttons; with the manner and courses which they took to bring themselves to it; advising men to live within bounds, and to proportion their inclinations to the extent of their fortune. He gives his friend a bill of fare, of the entertainment he has provided for him; and from thence takes occasion to reflect upon the temperance and frugality of the greatest men, in former ages: to which he opposes the riot and intemperance of the present; attributing to the latter a visible remissness, in the care of heaven over the Roman state. He instances some lewd practices at their feasts, and by the by, touches the nobility with making vice and debauchery the chiefest of their pleasures. He con-

cludes with a repeated invitation to his friend ; advising him (in one particular somewhat freely) to a neglect of all cares and disquiets, for the present ; and a moderate use of pleasures, for the future.

If noble Atticus¹ make plenteous feasts,
And with luxurious food indulge his guests,
His wealth and quality support the treat ;
In him nor is it luxury, but state :
But when poor Rutilus² spends all his worth,
In hopes of setting one good dinner forth ;
'Tis downright madness ; for what greater jests,
Than begging gluttons, or than beggars' feasts ?

But Rutilus is so notorious grown,
That he's the common theme of all the town.

A man, in his full tide of youthful blood,
Able for arms, and for his country's good ;
Urg'd by no power, restrain'd by no advice,
But following his own inglorious choice,
'Mongst common fencers, practises the trade³ :
That end debasing, for which arms were made ;

¹ The name of a very eminent person in Rome : but here it is meant to signify any one of great wealth and quality.

² One who by his own extravagant gluttony was at length reduced to the most shameful degree of poverty. This likewise is here made use of as a common name to all beggarly gluttons, such whose unreasonable appetites remain after their estates are consumed.

³ Sometimes persons were compelled, by the tyranny of Nero, to practise the trade of fencing, and to fight upon the stage, for his inhuman diversion ; otherwise, seldom any but common slaves or condemned malefactors were so employed : which made it the greater reflection on any person, who either voluntarily, or forced by his own extravagance, for a livelihood. (like Rutilus) applied himself to that wretched state.

Arms, which to man ne'er-dying fame afford !
 But his disgrace is owing to his sword.
 Many there are of the same wretched kind ⁴,
 Whom their despairing creditors may find
 Lurking in shambles; where, with borrow'd coin;
 They buy choice meats, and in cheap plenty dine :
 Such, whose sole bliss is eating; who can give
 But that one brutal reason why they live.
 And yet what's more ridiculous : of these
 The poorest wretch is still most hard to please ;
 And he, whose thin transparent rags declare
 How much his tatter'd fortune wants repair,
 Would ransack every element for choice
 Of every fish and fowl, at any price ;
 If brought from far, if very dear has cost,
 It has a flavour then, which pleases most, }
 And he devours it with a greater gust. }
 In riot thus, while money lasts, he lives,
 And that exhausted, still new pledges gives ;
 'Till forc'd, of mere necessity, to eat,
 He comes to pawn his dish, to buy his meat ;
 Nothing of silver or of gold he spares,
 Not what his mother's sacred image bears ;
 The broken relic ⁵ he with speed devours,
 As he would all the rest of's ancestors,
 If wrought in gold, or if expos'd to sale,
 They'd pay the price of one luxurious meal.

'Restrain'd by no advice.' Hinting, that though he was not
 compelled to such a practice of fencing; yet it was a shame
 that he was suffered to undertake it; and not advised, or com-
 manded, by the magistracy, to the contrary.

⁴ *Viz.* Reduced to poverty by riotous living.

⁵ Broken, or defaced; that it might not be discovered to be
 his mother's picture, when exposed to sale.

Thus certain ruin treads upon his heels,
 The stings of hunger, soon, and want he feels;
 And thus is he reduc'd at length, to serve
 Fencers for miserable scraps, or starve.

Imagine now, you see a splendid feast:
 The question is, at whose expense 'tis dress'd?
 In great Ventidius⁶ we the bounty prize;
 In Rutilus, the vanity despise;
 Strange ignorance! that the same man, who knows
 How far yon mount above this mole-hill shows,
 Should not perceive a difference as great,
 Between small incomes and a vast estate!
 From heav'n to mankind, sure, that rule was sent,
 Of 'know thyself;' and by some god was meant
 To be our never-erring pilot here,
 Through all the various courses which we steer.
 Thersites⁷, though the most presumptuous Greek,
 Yet durst not for Achilles' armour speak;
 When scarce Ulysses⁸ had a good pretence,
 With all the' advantage of his eloquence.

6 A noble Roman who lived hospitably.

7 An impudent deformed ill-tongued fellow (as Homer describes him, *Iliad* 2.), who accompanied the Grecian army to the siege of Troy; where he took a privilege, often to rail and snarl at the commanders. Some relate, that at last Achilles, for his sauciness, killed him with a blow of his fist. Therefore, we are not to understand Juvenal here, as relating a matter of fact; but Thersites is used here, to signify any body of the same kind: as before, Atticus and Rutilus. The meaning is, that such as he, ought not (neither would he, had he been present) have presumed to oppose Ajax and Ulysses, in contending for Achilles's armour. See his character admirably improved by Mr. Dryden, in his Tragedy of 'Truth found too late.'

8 The most eloquent of all the Grecian Princes. After Achilles's death, Ajax (a famed Grecian warrior) pretended to his armour; Ulysses opposed him, before a council of war; and, by his admirable eloquence, obtained the prize. *Ov. Met.* 13.

Whoe'er attempts weak causes to support,
Ought to be very sure he's able for't ;
And not mistake strong lungs and impudence,
For harmony of words, and force of sense :
Fools only make attempts beyond their skill ;
A wise man's power's the limit of his will.

If fortune has a niggard been to thee,
Devote thyself to thrift, not luxury :
And wisely make that kind of food thy choice,
To which necessity confines thy price.
Well may they fear some miserable end,
Whom gluttony and want, at once attend ;
Whose large voracious throats have swallow'd all,
Both land and stock, interest and principal :
Well may they fear at length vile Pollio's fate ⁹,
Who sold his very ring to purchase meat ; [stands,
And, though a knight, 'mongst common slaves now
Begging an alms with undistinguish'd hands.
Sure, sudden death to such should welcome be, }
On whom each added year heaps misery, }
Scorn, poverty, reproach, and infamy.
But there are steps in villany, which these
Observe to tread and follow, by degrees.
Money they borrow and from all that lend,
Which, never meaning to restore, they spend ;
But that and their small stock of credit gone,
Lest Rome should grow too warm, from thence they
For of late years 'tis no more scandal grown, [run :
For debt and roguery to quit the town,
Than in the midst of summer's scorching heat,
From crowds and noise and business to retreat.

9 Brought to that pass, by his gluttony, that he was forced to sell his ring; the mark of honour and distinction worn by Roman knights.

One only grief such fugitives can find ;
 Reflecting on the pleasures left behind ;
 The plays and loose diversions of the place :
 But not one blush appears for the disgrace.
 Ne'er was of modesty so great a dearth,
 That out of countenance virtue's fled from earth ;
 Baffled, expos'd to ridicule and scorn,
 She's with Astræa gone ¹⁰, ne'er to return.

This day, my Persicus ¹¹, thou shalt perceive }
 Whether, myself, I keep those rules I give, }
 Or else an unsuspected glutton live ;
 If moderate fare and abstinence I prize
 In public, yet in private gormandize.
 Evander's feast ¹² reviv'd, to-day thou'lt see ;
 The poor Evander, I ; and thou shalt be
 Alcides and Æneas ¹³ both to me.
 Meantime, I send you now your bill of fare ;
 Be not surpris'd that 'tis all homely cheer :
 For nothing from the shambles I provide,
 But from my own small farm the tenderest kid,
 And fattest of my flock ; a suckling yet,
 That ne'er had nourishment but from the teat :

¹⁰ The goddess of Justice, whom the poets feign to have fled to heaven after the golden age :

Ultima Coelestium Terras Astræa reliquit. Ovid.

¹¹ Juvenal's friend, to whom he makes an invitation, and addresses this Satire.

¹² A prince of Arcadia, who, unluckily killing his father, forsok his own country and came into Italy ; settling in that place where afterwards Rome was built. Virgil (*Æn.* 8) tells us that he entertained both Hercules and Æneas, when he was in a low condition.

¹³ Hercules, so called from his grandfather Alcæus.

No bitter willow-tops have been its food,
 Scarce grass; its veins have more of milk than blood.
 Next that, shall mountain 'sparagus be laid,
 Pull'd by some plain but cleanly country-maid :
 The largest eggs, yet warm within the nest,
 Together with the hens which laid 'em, dress'd ;
 Clusters of grapes, preserv'd for half a year,
 Which plump and fresh as on the vines appear ;
 Apples of a ripe flavour, fresh and fair,
 Mix'd with the Syrian and the Signian pear,
 Mellow'd by winter from their cruder juice,
 Light of digestion now, and fit for use.

Such food as this would have been heretofore
 Accounted riot, in a Senator :
 When the good Curius ¹⁴ thought it no disgrace,
 With his own hands, a few small herbs to dress ;
 And from his little garden cull'd a feast,
 Which fetter'd slaves would now disdain to taste :
 For scarce a slave but has to dinner, now,
 The well-dress'd paps of a fat pregnant sow ¹⁵.

But heretofore 'twas thought a sumptuous treat,
 On birth-days, festivals, or days of state,
 A salt dry flitch of bacon to prepare ;
 If they had fresh meat, 'twas delicious fare !
 Which rarely happen'd, and 'twas highly priz'd
 If aught was left of what they sacrific'd ¹⁶.

¹⁴ Curius Dentatus, a great man, who had been three times Consul of Rome, and had triumphed over many kings; yet as great an example of temperance and courage.

¹⁵ A dish in great esteem among the Romans :

— *Nil vulva pulcrius ampla.*

Horat.

¹⁶ If they killed a sacrifice, and any flesh remained to spare, it was prized as an accidental rarity.

To entertainments of this kind would come
The worthiest and the greatest men in Rome ;
Nay, seldom any at such treats were seen,
But those who had at least thrice Consuls been ¹⁷ ;
Or the Dictator's ¹⁸ office had discharg'd,
And now, from honourable toil enlarg'd,
Retir'd to husband and manure their land,
Humbling themselves to those they might command.
Then might y' have seen the good old general haste,
Before the' appointed hour ¹⁹, to such a feast ;
His spade aloft, as 'twere in triumph held,
Proud of the conquest of some stubborn field.
'Twas then, when pious Consuls bore the sway,
When Vice, discourag'd, pale and trembling lay :
Our Censors ²⁰ then were subject to the law,
Ev'n Power itself of Justice stood in awe.

17 By the tyranny of Tarquinius Superbus (the last Roman king) the very name of king became hateful to the people. After his expulsion, they assembled, and resolved to commit the government, for the future, into the hands of two persons, who were to be chosen every year anew, and whom they called Consuls.

18 Dictator was a general chosen upon some emergent occasion ; his office was limited for six months ; which time expired, (if occasion were) they chose another, or continued the same, by a new election. The Dictator differed in nothing from a king, but in his name and the duration of his authority : his power being full as great, but his name not so hateful to the Romans.

19 It was accounted greediness, and shameful, to eat before the usual hour, which was their ninth hour ; and our three o'clock, afternoon. But upon festival days, it was permitted them to prevent the ordinary hour ; and always excusable in old people.

20 Censors were two great officers, part of whose business was to inspect the lives and manners of men ; they had power

It was not, then, a Roman's anxious thought,
 Where largest tortoise-shells were to be bought;
 Where pearls might of the greatest price be had,
 And shining jewels to adorn his bed ²¹,
 That he at vast expense might loll his head.
 Plain was his couch, and only rich his mind;
 Contentedly he slept, as cheaply as he din'd.
 The soldier then, in Grecian arts unskill'd ²²,
 Returning rich with plunder from the field;
 If cups of silver or of gold he brought,
 With jewels set, and exquisitely wrought,
 To glorious trappings straight the plate he turn'd,
 And with the glittering spoil his horse adorn'd;
 Or else a helmet for himself he made,
 Where various warlike figures were inlaid:
 The Roman-wolf suckling the twins was there ²³,
 And Mars himself, arm'd with his shield and spear.
 Hovering above his crest, did dreadful show,
 As threatening death to each resisting foe.

even to degrade knights and exclude senators, when guilty of great misdemeanors; and in former days they were so strict, that they stood in awe one of another.

21 The manner of the Romans eating, was to lye upon beds or couches about the table; which formerly were made of plain wood, but afterwards, at great expense, adorned with tortoise-shells, pearls, and ivory.

22 The Romans copied their luxury from the Greeks; the imitation of whom was among them as fashionable, as of the French among us; which occasions this saying, with so much indignation in our poet, Sat. iii.

— *Non possum ferre, Quirites, Græcam Urbem.*

23 Romulus and Remus, twins, and founders of the Roman empire; whom the poets feign were nursed by a wolf: the woman's name being Lupa.

No use of silver, but in arms, was known ;
 Splendid they were in war, and there alone.
 No sideboards, then, with gilded plate were
 dress'd,
 No sweating slaves, with massive dishes press'd ;
 Expensive riot was not understood,
 But earthen platters held their homely food.
 Who would not envy them that age of bliss,
 That sees with shame the luxury of this ?
 Heaven unwearied then did blessings pour,
 And pitying Jove foretold each dangerous hour ;
 Mankind were then familiar with the god,
 He snuff'd their incense with a gracious nod :
 And would have still been bounteous, as of old,
 Had we not left him for that idol, gold.
 His golden statues ²⁴, hence the god hath driv'n :
 For well he knows, where our devotion's giv'n, }
 'Tis gold we worship, though we pray to heav'n. }
 Woods of our own afforded tables then,
 Though none can please us now but from Japan.
 Invite my lord to dine, and let him have
 The nicest dish his appetite can crave ;
 But let it on an oaken board be set,
 His lordship will grow sick, and cannot eat :
 Something's amiss, he knows not what to think,
 Either your ven'son's rank, or ointments stink ²⁵.
 Order some other table to be brought,
 Something at great expense in India bought,

24 Formerly the statues of the gods were made of clay ; but now of gold : which extravagance was displeasing, even to the gods themselves.

25 The Romans used to anoint themselves with sweet ointments, at their feasts, immediately after bathing.

Beneath whose orb, large yawning panthers lie,
Carv'd on rich pedestals of ivory²⁶:

He finds no more of that offensive smell,
The meat recovers, and my lord grows well.

An ivory table is a certain whet;
You would not think how heartily he'll eat,
As if new vigour to his teeth were sent,
By sympathy from those o' th' elephant.

But such fine feeders are no guests for me;
Riot agrees not with frugality:

Then, that unfashionable man am I,
With me they'd starve, for want of ivory:
For not one inch does my whole house afford,
Not in my very tables, or chess-board;
Of bone, the handles of my knives are made,
Yet no ill taste from thence affects the blade,
Or what I carve; nor is there ever left
Any unsavory haut-goût from the heft.

A hearty welcome to plain wholesome meat
You'll find, but serv'd up in no formal state;
No sewers, nor dext'rous carvers have I got,
Such as by skilful Trypherus²⁷ are taught;
In whose fam'd schools the various forms appear
Of fishes, beasts, and all the fowls o' th' air;
And where, with blunted knives, his scholars learn
How to dissect, and the nice joints discern;
While all the neighbourhood are with noise
oppress'd,
From the harsh carving of his wooden feast.

²⁶ Ivory was in great esteem among them, and preferred to silver.

²⁷ There were in Rome professors of the art of carving; who taught publicly in schools. Of this kind, Trypherus was the most famous.

On me attends a raw unskilful lad,
 On fragments fed, in homely garments clad,
 At once my carver, and my Ganymede ²⁸;
 With diligence he'll serve us while we dine,
 And in plain beechen vessels fill our wine.
 No beauteous boys I keep, from Phrygia ²⁹ brought,
 No Catamites, by shameful Pandars taught.
 Only to me two homebred youths belong,
 Unskill'd in any but their mother-tongue ;
 Alike in feature both and garb appear,
 With honest faces, though with uncurl'd hair.
 This day thou shalt my rural pages see,
 For I have dress'd 'em both, to wait on thee :
 Of country swains they both were born, and one
 My ploughman's is, t' other my shepherd's son ;
 A cheerful sweetness in his looks he has,
 And innocence unartful in his face :
 Though sometimes sadness will o'ercast the joy,
 And gentle sighs break from the tender boy ;
 His absence from his mother oft he'll mourn,
 And with his eyes look wishes to return ;
 Longing to see his tender kids again,
 And feed his lambs upon the flowery plain :
 A modest blush he wears, not form'd by art,
 Free from deceit his face, and full as free his heart.
 Such looks, such bashfulness, might well adorn
 The cheeks of youths that are more nobly born ;
 But noblemen those humble graces scorn.
 This youth to-day shall my small treat attend,
 And only he with wine shall serve my friend ;

28 Cup bearer.

29 Phrygia: whence pretty boys were brought to Rome, and sold publicly in the markets, to vile uses.

With wine from his own country brought, and
 made
 From the same vines, beneath whose fruitful shade
 He and his wanton kids have often play'd.

But you, perhaps, expect a modish feast,
 With amorous songs and wanton dances grac'd ³⁰;
 When sprightly females, to the middle bare,
 Trip lightly o'er the ground, and frisk in air;
 Whose pliant limbs in various postures move,
 And twine and bound, as in the rage of love.
 Such sights, the languid nerves to action stir,
 And jaded lust springs forward with this spur.
 Virtue ³¹ would shrink to hear this lewdness told,
 Which husbands now do with their wives behold;

³⁰ An usual part of the entertainment, when great men feasted, was to have wanton women dance after a lascivious manner.

³¹ Virtue would shrink to hear this lewdness told,
 Which husbands now do with their wives behold:

These lines in Juvenal,

*Spectant hos nuptæ, juxta recubante marito,
 Quod pudeat narrasse aliquem presentibus ipsis.*

in some late editions, are placed nearer the latter end of this Satire; and in the order of this translation, would so have followed, after line 15, 16, in page 89; viz.

'Such shows as these were not for us design'd,
 But vigorous youth, to active sports inclin'd.'

But I have continued them in this place after Lubin. Besides, the example of the learned Holyday for the same position, agreeing better here, in my mind, with the sense both before and after. For the Megalensian Games consisting chiefly of races, and such like exercises, I cannot conceive where the extraordinary cause of shame lay in female spectators. But it was a manifest immodesty for them to lie by their husbands, and see the lewd actions of their own sex in the manner described.

A needful help, to make 'em both approve
The dry embraces of long-wedded love :
In nuptial cinders, this revives the fire,
And turns their mutual loathing to desire.
But she, who by her sex's charter must
Have double pleasure paid, feels double lust ;
Apace she warms with an immoderate heat,
Strongly her bosom heaves, and pulses beat ;
With glowing cheeks and trembling lips she lies, }
With arms expanded, and with naked thighs, }
Sucking in passion both at ears and eyes.
But this becomes not me, nor my estate ;
These are the vicious follies of the great.
Let him who does on ivory tables dine,
Whose marble floors with drunken spawlings
shine ;

Let him lascivious songs and dances have :
Which, or to see or hear, the lewdest slave,
The vilest prostitute in all the stews,
With bashful indignation would refuse.
But fortune, there, extenuates the crime ;
What's vice in me, is only mirth in him :
The fruits which murder, cards, or dice afford, }
A vestal ravish'd, or a matron whor'd, }
Are laudable diversions in a lord.

But my poor entertainment is design'd
To' afford you pleasures of another kind :
Yet with your taste your hearing shall be fed,
And Homer's sacred lines, and Virgil's, read ;
Either of whom does all mankind excel,
Though which exceeds the other, none can tell.
It matters not with what ill tone they're sung ;
Verse so sublimely good, no voice can wrong.

Now then be all thy weighty cares away,
 Thy jealousies and fears; and, while you may, }
 To peace and soft repose give all the day.
 From thoughts of debt, or any worldly ill,
 Be free; be all uneasy passions still.

What though thy wife do with the morning light
 (When thou in vain hast toil'd and drudg'd all night)
 Steal from thy bed and house, abroad to roam;
 And, having quench'd her flame, comes breathless
 home,

Fleck'd in her face, and with disorder'd hair,
 Her garments ruffled, and her bosom bare;
 With ears still tingling, and her eyes on fire,
 Half drown'd in sin, still burning in desire:
 Whilst you are forc'd to wink, and seem content,
 Swelling with passion, which you dare not vent;
 Nay, if you would be free from night-alarms,
 You must seem fond, and doating on her charms, }
 Take her (the last of twenty) to your arms.

Let this, and every other anxious thought,
 At the' entrance of my threshold be forgot;
 All thy domestic griefs at home be left,
 The wife's adultery, with the servant's theft;
 And (the most racking thought which can intrude,)
 Forget false friends, and their ingratitude.

Let us our peaceful mirth at home begin,
 While Megalensian³² shows are in the Circus³³ seen:

³² Games in honour of Cybele, the mother of the gods. She was called *μεγάλη μήτηρ*, *Magna Mater*; and from thence these games Megalesia, or *Ludi Megalenses*: they began upon the 4th of April, and continued six days.

³³ The place where those games were celebrated.

There (to the bane of horses) in high state
 The Prætor ³⁴ sits, on a triumphal seat :
 Vainly with ensigns, and with robes adorn'd,
 As if with conquest from the wars return'd.
 This day all Rome, (if I may be allow'd,
 Without offence to such a numerous crowd,
 To say all Rome) will in the Circus sweat ;
 Echoes already do their shouts repeat :
 Methinks I hear the cry——‘ Away, away,
 The green ³⁵ have won the honour of the day.’

Oh! should these sports be but one year forborne,
 Rome would in tears her lov'd diversion mourn ;
 For that would now a cause of sorrow ³⁶ yield,
 Great as the loss of Cannæ's ³⁷ fatal field.
 Such shows as these were not for us design'd,
 But vigorous youth, to active sports inclin'd.
 On beds of roses laid, let us repose,
 While round our heads refreshing ointment flows ;

³⁴ An officer not unlike our mayor or sheriff. He was to oversee these sports, and sat in great state while they were acting ; to the destruction of many horses, which were spoiled in running the races.

³⁵ In running the races in the Circus, with horses in chariots, there were four distinct factions, known by their liveries : which were green, a kind of russet red, white, and blue. One of these factions was always favoured by the court, and at this time probably the *green*: which makes our poet fancy he hears the shouts, for joy of their party. Afterward, Domitian added two more, the golden and purple factions.

³⁶ Reflecting on the immoderate fondness the Romans had for such shows.

³⁷ A small town, near which Hannibal obtained a great victory over the Romans. In that battle were slain 40,000 men, and so many gentlemen, that he sent three bushels full of rings to Carthage, as a token of his victory.

Our aged limbs we'll bask in Phœbus' rays,
And live this day devoted to our ease.
Early to-day we'll to the bath repair,
Nor need we now the common censure ³⁸ fear :
On festivals, it is allow'd no crime
To bathe, and eat, before the usual time :
But that continued, would a loathing give,
Nor could you thus a week together live :
For, frequent use would the delight exclude ;
' Pleasure's a toil, when constantly pursued.'

38 See the notes at Fig. 19.

JUVENAL.

SATIRE XII.

BY MR. THOMAS POWER,

Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge.

ARGUMENT.

The poet invites Corvinus to assist at the performance of a sacrifice he had vowed to the gods, and was now thankfully offering up, for the safety of his friend Catullus the merchant, who with the loss of his goods had escaped the double danger of fire and water. He professes the reality of his friendship, and the sincerity of his intentions; that what he did in this nature was without any design upon Catullus, or prospect of advantage from him, who had three children to leave his estate to. And here, taking the hint, he exercises his satirical vein upon the *Hæredipetæ*, or legacy-hunters; who made their court to, and largely presented, and in their sickness sacrificed for the health of rich childless men, in hopes to be considered in their will. Among the rest he singles out one Pacuvius, a fellow very dexterous at and notorious for this practice: and concludes all with a wish for Pacuvius; which some covetous persons would think pleasant enough, but really is a curse.

THIS day's, this joyful day's solemnity,
Does with my birth-days more than equal vie;
Of grassy turves the rural altar's rear'd,
Expect the firstlings of the flock and herd:

To royal Juno ¹, and the warlike maid,
 Shall in a lamb to each my vows be paid ;
 A steer of the first head in the whole drove,
 Reserve we sacred to Tarpeian Jove ².
 Forward he bounds his rope's extended length,
 With pushing front: proud since he tried his
 strength,
 And budding horns, against an adverse oak ;
 Fit for the altar, and the fatal stroke.
 Were but my fortunes equal to my mind,
 My bounteous love more nobly had design'd :
 A bull high-fed should fall the sacrifice ;
 One of Hispulla's ³ huge prodigious size :
 Not one of those our neighbouring pastures feed,
 But of Clitumnus' ⁴ whitest sacred breed ;

¹ The queen of the gods ; so called by the poets, as being wife to Jupiter, who was the supreme deity of the Greeks and Romans. By 'the warlike maid,' is meant Pallas or Minerva, the goddess of learning and war. They had their peculiar sacrifices appointed them in the rituals or books of ceremonies of the ancients: white bulls were offered to Jupiter ; white cows to Juno and Minerva. The poet, though not able to undergo the charge of so great a sacrifice, yet willing to show his devotion, and pay his vow for his friend's safe arrival, proportionable to his estate, offers to Juno an ewe-lamb, another to Minerva, and to Jupiter a young bullock.

² On Mount Capitol, otherwise called the Tarpeian Hill, from the vestal virgin Tarpeia, that betrayed it to the Sabines. Jupiter had a temple, whence he was named Tarpeian and Capitoline.

³ A fat sensual lady, noted as infamous for keeping a player. Sat. vi.

⁴ A river that divides Tuscany and Umbria, whose water (as Pliny relates) makes the cows that drink of it calve their young *white* : whence the Romans, as Virgil and Claudian observe, were plentifully furnished with sacrifices for Jupiter Capitoline.

The lively tincture of whose gushing blood,
Should clearly prove the richness of his food :
A neck so strong, so large, as would demand
The speeding blow of some uncommon hand ⁵.

This for my friend, or more, I would perform,
Who, danger free, still trembles at the storm ;
Presenting forms so hideous to his sight,
As safety scarce allays the wild affright.

First from a cloud that Heaven all o'ercast,
With glance so swift the subtle lightning past,
As split the sail-yards ; trembling and half dead,
Each thought the blow was levell'd at his head :
'The flaming shrouds so dreadful did appear,
All judg'd a wreck could no proportion bear.
So fancy paints, so does the poet write,
When he would work a tempest to the height.
This danger past, a second does succeed ;
Again with pity and attention heed :
No less this second, though of different kind ;
Such as, in Isis' ⁶ temple, you may find
On votive tablets, to the life pourtray'd ;
Where painters are employ'd, and earn their bread.

⁵ The *grandis minister* of Juvenal, some interpret in a sense referring to the quality of the person ; as if the chief Pontiff, and not one of the Popa's, or ordinary officers, was to give the blow. But as it is unseemly to make the chief Pontiff descend to so mean an office ; so it is more probable, the Poet meant not the dignity, but the size and strength of the person.

⁶ The Egyptian goddess, looked upon by merchants and seamen as their patroness ; to whom they made their vows in their extremity. The custom was, for those that escaped to hang upon the walls of her temple the picture of a wreck or storm, which was called a ' votive table ;' and her votaries, it seems, were so numerous, that she was forced to employ a whole company of painters in her service.

What painters in their liveliest draughts express,
 May be a copy of my friend's distress.
 For now a sea into the hold was got ;
 Wave upon wave another sea had wrought,
 And nigh o'erset the stern on either side :
 The hoary pilot his best skill applied ;
 But useless all when he despairing found,
 Catullus then did with the winds compound.
 Just as the beaver ⁷, that wise thinking brute,
 Who, when hard hunted on a close pursuit,
 Bites off his stones, the cause of all the strife,
 And pays 'em down a ransom for his life.
 ' Over with all,' he cries, ' with all that's mine ;
 Without reserve I freely all resign.'
 Rich garments, purple died in grain, go o'er ;
 No soft Mecænas ⁸ ever choicer wore :
 And others of that fleece, that never dy'd,
 Or stain'd by art, is rich in nature's pride ;
 Such as its tincture from the soil does bear,
 By noble springs improv'd, and Bœtic ⁹ air.

⁷ A proper simile, and good moral allusion : but the ground is wholly fabulous ; and has experimentally been proved so, by Sestius, a physician, as it stands related by Pliny. Dr. Brown, in his book of ' Vulgar Errors,' says, That the testicles, properly so called, are seated inwardly upon the loins ; and therefore it were not only a fruitless attempt, but an impossible act, to castrate itself : and might be a hazardous practice of art, if at all attempted by others.

⁸ Augustus's great favourite ; and patron to Virgil and Horace. Juvenal here taxes him of being over-soft and delicate ; which Horace has done too, though covertly, and under another name.

⁹ In Bœtic Spain (now Andalusia, and the best part of Granada) the sheep's fleeces are naturally of a colour betwixt red and black, resembling the purple dye ; which the ancients imputed to the goodness of the air and the soil : and they put a great value on it, as we do now on the Spanish wool, for its fineness.

Nor stop'd he so; but over went his plate
 Made by Parthenius¹⁰, followed by a great
 And massy goblet, a two gallon draught,
 Might set a thirsty Centaur when he quaff;
 Or drench the wife of Fuscus¹¹: add to these
 Baskets of Britain¹², rarities of Greece,
 A set of plate most artfully imboast;
 No less a bribe than what Olynthus¹³ cost.
 Show me the man, that other he, would dare
 His very life and soul to gold prefer:
 Now money serves not life's most noble ends,
 But slavish life imperious wealth attends.
 Thus, most of the ship's freight went over-board:
 Yet all this waste could small relief afford;
 So fierce the storm, necessity at last
 Does loudly call to ease her of her mast:
 Hard is the case, and dangerous the distress,
 When what we would preserve, we must make less.

10 A great master in the art of graving.

11 Fuscus was a judge, mentioned in the last Satire, noted by Martial for a drunkard; as his wife is here put by Juvenal in the good company of Pholus the Centaur.

12 *Bascauda*, the British word for a basket, was by the Romans made Latin. They so much fancied the baskets of our island, that they would claim the invention to themselves.
Mart. Lib. 14.

*Barbara de Pictis veni bascauda Britannis,
 Sed me jam mavult dicere Roma suam.*

'From British Picts the barbarous basket came;
 But now Rome gladly wou'd the' invention claim.'

13 A strong fortified city of Thrace; not to be taken by a storm or siege. Philip of Macedon made a considerable present of plate to Lasthenes, who was entrusted with the government of it by the Athenians; and he, being corrupted with so great a bribe, treacherously surrendered it to Philip.

Go now, go trust the wind's uncertain breath,
Remov'd four fingers from approaching death,
Or seven at most, when thickest is the board :
Go with provision, biscuit, brandy stor'd ;
But if you reasonably hope to speed,
You must produce your axe in time of need.

Now when the seagrew calm, the winds were laid,
And the pleas'd Parcæ ¹⁴ spun a whiter thread ;
When Fate propitious sent a gentle gale ;
The shatter'd vessel, with one wretched sail,
Beside what gowns and coats her crew could lend
To help her on her course, did homeward bend :
The south-wind lessening still, the sun appears,
And into lively hope converts their fears :
And now, in prospect sweet, his cheerful light
The Alban ¹⁵ cliffs confesses to their sight ;
Where Alba's pile Iulus founding rear'd,
When to Lavinium he that seat prefer'd ;
And call'd it Alba, from the white sow nam'd,
That for her thirty sucking pigs was fam'd.
At last within the mighty mole she gets,
Our Tuscan Pharos ¹⁶, that the mid sea meets

¹⁴ The Destinies: they were three sisters, Clotho, Lachesis, and Atropos, perpetually employed in spinning. If the thread they spun was white, it was a sign of life and prosperity ; if black, of death and adversity.

¹⁵ Near them was built *Alba Longa*, by Ascanius, who left his step-mother Lavinia, in the city of Lavinium, built by his father Æneas, and called by her name. Ascanius called his own city *Longa*, from the long form of it ; and Alba, from the white sow with thirty pigs sucking her, that was seen by the Trojans a little after their landing ; and where the city was built, according to the command of the oracle. *Virg.*

¹⁶ Pharos was a port in Egypt, famous for its watch-tower, wherein were placed lights for the benefit and direction of

With its embrace, and leaves the land behind :
 A work so wondrous, nature ne'er design'd.
 Through it the joyful steers-man clears his way,
 And comes to anchor in its inmost bay ;
 Where smallest vessels ride, and are secur'd,
 And the shorn sailors ¹⁷ boast what they endur'd.

Go then, my boys, the sacred rites prepare :
 With awful silence and attention hear :
 With bran the knives, with flowers the altars dress ;
 And in your diligence your zeal express.
 I'll follow straight ; and, having paid my vows,
 Thence home again, where chaplets wreathe the
 Of all my little waxen deities ; [brows
 And incense shall domestic Jove appease :
 My shining household gods shall revel there,
 And all the colours of the violet wear.
 All's right ; my portal shines with verdant bays,
 And consecrated tapers early blaze.

Suspect me not, Corvinus, of design ;
 Far be such guilt from any thought of mine :
 My altars smoke not for so base an end ;
 Catullus, though a father, is my friend,

sailors by night. Juvenal calls the port of Ostia, where Tyber disburdens itself into the sea, the Tuscan Pharos. It was designed by Augustus, after the model of that in Egypt. Claudius Cæsar (as Suetonius says) carried on, and finished the Mole, with vast labour and charges ; having for eleven years together kept 30,000 men at work upon it. It was afterwards repaired by Trajan.

¹⁷ It was a custom among the ancients, when in distress at sea, to invoke the aid of some god or other, with a solemn vow of cutting off their hair, and offering it to him as an acknowledgment to whose assistance they owed their safety. To this St. Paul probably alludes, Acts xxvii. 34. 'There shall not an hair of your head perish.' As if he had said, They should not need to vow their hair ; for without such a vow, and the performance of it, they should all escape.

And his three children bar a foreign claim.
Who on a friend so hopeless, such a name
As father, would a sickly hen bestow?
Or on such slender grounds a quail forego?
If Paccius or Gallita¹⁸ breathe a vein,
The temples straight are crowded with a train
Of fawning rascals, uttering each his pray'r;
Nothing's too precious for a life so dear:
A hecatomb is scarce enough to bleed:
And, but an elephant's no common breed,
Nor seen, nor known in Italy, before
They were transported from the Afric shore:
Since which, in the Rutilian forest rear'd,
They range at large, great Cæsar's royal herd:
As once they learnt king Pyrrhus to obey,
And with submission to our consuls sway;
Or Tyrian Hannibal's part of the war,
In turrets on their backs they us'd to bear:
Could Novius or Pacuvius¹⁹ but procure
These ivory portents²⁰, death should seal 'em sure,
A victim for Gallita; nothing less
The greatness of their friendship can express.
Pacuvius, were he not by law withstood,
Would manifest his own in human blood;
The best, the loveliest slave of either sex,
To serve his compliment, should yield their necks:

¹⁸ Two rich men, both of them childless; which made the *Hæredipetæ*, or legacy-hunters, present them, and ply them with gift upon gift, in hopes to be considered in their will. Tacitus makes mention of them both: the first he calls African: the other, *Cruspillina*.

¹⁹ Two crafty designing knaves, visitors of the sick, Gallita or Paccius.

²⁰ *Elephants*; so called from their stupendous bigness, and ivory teeth.

Nay, to that height the wicked rogue proceeds,
His Iphigenia²¹, his daughter, bleeds
If need require; though he was sure to find
No dextrous slight to change her for a hind.
My fellow-citizen I must commend,
For what's a fleet to a bequeathing friend?
For, if he chance to 'scape this dismal bout,
The former legatees are blotted out;
Upon Pacuvius all must be confer'd;
So great a merit claims no less reward.
Pacuvius struts it, and triumphant goes
In the dejected crowd of rival foes:
You see the fruit of his projecting brain,
In offering up his daughter to his gain.
As great as Nero's²² plunder be his store;
High, mountain high, be pil'd the shining ore;
Then may he life to Nestor's²³ age extend,
Nor ever be, nor ever find, a friend.

²¹ The story, in short, is this: The Grecian fleet lying wind-bound at Aulis, the oracle was consulted, and answer returned, 'No wind could be had for their purpose, unless Agamemnon, commander in chief in the expedition, would offer up his daughter Iphigenia; to appease Diana's anger, who was offended with the Greeks for killing an hind consecrated to her. Agamemnon, for the public good, brings his daughter to the altar; but the goddess, relenting, conveyed her away to the Tauric Chersonese, and substituted an hind in her place. The application of this to Pacuvius is obvious enough.

²² The prodigious sums he extorted from the provinces by unreasonable taxes, confiscations, &c. are almost incredible. He gave no office without this charge: 'Thou knowest what I want; let us make it our business, that nobody may have anything.'

²³ Grown now to a proverb; who lived, as Homer says, to complete the third age of man: the word age is an equivocal term, and diversely taken by many; but if we take it in its full extent, as it comprehends an hundred years, it will serve very well Juvenal's purpose.

JUVENAL.



SATIRE XIII.

BY MR. THOMAS CREECH,

Fellow of All-Souls College in Oxford.

ARGUMENT.

Corvinus had trusted one of his old friends and acquaintance with a bag of money; this friend denies the trust, and forswears it too. Corvinus is very much disturbed at this cheat, storms and rages, accuses providence; and is ready to conclude, that God takes no care of things below, because some sudden and remarkable vengeance did not fall upon this perjured false wretch. Juvenal, hearing of Corvinus's loss, and unmanly behaviour, writes this Satire to him, both to comfort him after his loss, and instruct him how to bear it; and thence takes occasion to speak of the vileness and villany of his times. He begins with the condition of the wicked man, and tells him; I. That the sinner must needs hate himself; and, II. That he will be hated by all mankind: III. He puts Corvinus in mind that he hath a good estate, and that this loss will not break him: IV. and V. That a great many have suffered the like misfortunes; that cheats were common, his loss but little, and therefore not to be resented with so violent a passion. Hence, VI. He expatiates on the vileness of the times; and, VII. Compares his age with the golden one, which he tediously describes. VIII. He continues his reflections on the general wickedness of the times: IX. Makes some obser-

ventions on the confidence of some sinners: and, X. endeavours to give some account of this. He observes, that some are atheists; XI. Others believe a God, but fancy the money they get by their perjury, will do them more good than the punishment he inflicts will do them harm: at least, XII. That God is merciful, they may be pardoned or escape in the crowd of sinners: since some are forgiven, and all do not meet with punishments equal to their deserts. XIII. He corrects his friend for his atheistical passion, and rude accusations of providence; and, XIV. Advises him to be more cool; and consider, that, XV. Such cheats are common, and he hath suffered no more than other men; and, XVI. That every day he may meet with greater crimes, which require his concernment. That, XVII. His passion is idle and fruitless; because revenge, which is the only end of passion, will do him no good, it will not retrieve his loss; and besides is an argument of a base mind and mean temper. Then coming closer to his point. he tells him, XVIII. The wicked are severely punished by their own consciences; XIX. Vengeance waits upon them: and, XX. describes the miserable life and terrible death of the wicked man. And, XXI. Closes all with observing, that few men stop at their first sin, but go on till their crimes provoke providence: and therefore, XXII. Corvinus need not fear but this perjured friend of his would do so too, and then he should see some remarkable judgment fall upon him.

I.

HE that commits a sin, shall quickly find ¹
 The pressing guilt lie heavy on his mind;
 Though bribes or favour shall assert his cause,
 Pronounce him guiltless, and elude the laws;
 None quits himself; his own impartial thought
 Will damn, and conscience will record the fault.

¹ Some read, *Extemplo quodcumque malum, &c.*

II.

This first the wicked feels : then public hate
Pursues the cheat, and proves the villain's fate.

III.

But more, Corvinus ; thy estate can bear
A greater loss, and not implore thy care ;
Thy stock's sufficient, and thy wealth too great
To feel the damage of a petty cheat.

IV.

Nor are such losses to the world unknown,
A rare example, and thy chance alone ;
Most feel them, and in fortune's lottery lies
A heap of blanks, like this, for one small prize.

V.

Abate thy passion, nor too much complain ;
Grief should be forc'd, and it becomes a man }
To let it rise no higher than his pain.
But you, too weak the slightest loss to bear,
Too delicate the common fate to share,
Are on the fret of passion, boil and rage,
Because, in so debauch'd and vile an age,
Thy friend, and old acquaintance, dares disown
The gold you lent him, and forswear the loan.

What, start at this ! when sixty years have spread
Their grey experience o'er thy hoary head !
Is this the all observing age could gain,
Or hast thou known the world so long in vain ?

Let stoics, ethics, haughty rules advance,
To combat fortune, and to conquer chance ;
Yet happy those, though not so learn'd, are thought,
Whom life instructs, who, by experience taught,

For new to come, from past misfortunes look ;
Nor shake the yoke which galls the more 'tis shook.

VI.

What day's so sacred, but its rest's profan'd
By violent robbers, or by murders stain'd ?
Here hir'd assassins for their gain invade,
And treacherous poisoners urge their fatal trade.

Good men are scarce, the just are thinly sown,
They thrive but ill, nor can they last, when grown ;
And should we count them, and our store compile,
Yet Thebes more gates would show, more mouths
the Nile².

Worse than the iron age, and wretched times
Roll on ; and use hath so improv'd our crimes,
That baffled nature knows not how to frame
A metal base enough to give the age a name.
Yet you exclaim, as loud as those that praise,
For scraps and coach-hire, a young noble's plays ;
You thunder, and as passion rolls along,
Call heaven and earth to witness to your wrong.

Gray-headed infant ! and in vain grown old !
Art thou to learn that in another's gold
Lie charms resistless ? That all laugh, to find
Unthinking plainness so o'erspread thy mind.
That thou could'st seriously persuade the crowd
To keep their oaths, and to believe a god ?

VII.

'This they could do, whilst Saturn fill'd the throne,
Ere Juno burnish'd, or young Jove was grown ;

² Thebes had but seven gates, and the river Nile but seven months.

Ere private he left Ida's close retreat,
Or made rebellion by example great;
And whilst his hoary sire to Latium fled,
Usurp'd his empire, and defil'd his bed.
Whilst gods din'd singly, and few feasts above,
No beauteous Hebe mix'd the wine with love;
No Phrygian boy: but Vulcan stain'd the pole
With sooty hands, and fill'd the sparing bowl.
Ere gods grew numerous, and the heavenly crowd
Press'd wretched Atlas with a lighter load:
Ere chance unenvied Neptune's lot confin'd
To rule the ocean, and oppose the wind:
Ere Proserpine with Pluto shar'd the throne,
Ere furies lash'd, or ghosts had learn'd to groan:
But free from punishment as free from sin,
The shades liv'd jolly, and without a king.
Then vice was rare; e'en rudeness, kept in awe,
Felt all the rigour of avenging law;
And had not men the hoary heads rever'd,
Or boys paid reverence when a man appear'd,
Both must have died, though richer skins they wore³,
And saw more heaps of acorns in their store:
Four years advance did such respect engage,
And youth was reverenc'd then like sacred age.

VIII.

Now if one honest man I chance to view,
Contemning interest, and to virtue true;
I rank him with the prodigies of fame,
With plough'd-up fishes, and with icy flame;

³ That is, were of better quality, and had more wealth: skins and acorns being the primitive clothes and food, according to the poets.

With things which start from nature's common rules,
With bearded infants, and with teeming mules :
As much amaz'd at the prodigious sign,
As if I saw bees cluster'd on a shrine⁴ ;
A shower of stones, or rivers chang'd to blood,
Roll wondrous waves, or urge a milky flood.

IX.

A little sum you mourn, while most have met
With twice the loss, and by as vile a cheat :
By treacherous friends, and secret trust betray'd,
Some are undone ; nor are the gods our aid.
Those conscious powers we can with ease contemn,
If, hid from men, we trust our crimes with them.

Observe the wretch who hath his faith forsook,
How clear his voice, and how assur'd his look !
Like innocence, and as serenely bold
As truth, how loudly he forswears thy gold !
By Neptune's trident, by the bolts of Jove,
And all the magazine of wrath above :
Nay, more, in curses he goes boldly on,
He damns himself, and thus devotes his son :
If I'm forsworn, you injur'd gods, renew
Thyestes' feast⁵, and prove the fable true.

X.

Some think that chance rules all, that nature steers
The moving seasons, and turns round the years :
These run to every shrine, these boldly swear,
And keep no faith, because they know no fear.

⁴ If a swarm of bees pitched upon a temple, it was looked upon as an omen of some very great mischief.

⁵ Thyestes was treated with a hash made of his own son.

XI.

Another doubts, but as his doubts decline,
He dreads just vengeance, and he starts at sin ;
He owns a god : and yet the wretch forswears ;
And thus he reasons to relieve his fears :—
Let Isis rage ⁶, so I securely hold
The coin forsworn, and keep the ravish'd gold ;
Let blindness, lameness come ; are legs and eyes
Of equal value to so great a prize ?
Would starving Ladas ⁷, had he leave to choose
And were not frantic, the rich gout refuse ?
For can the glory of the swiftest pace
Procure him food ? or can he feast on praise ?

XII.

The gods take aim before they strike their blow,
Though sure their vengeance, yet the stroke is slow ;
And should at every sin their thunder fly,
I'm yet secure, nor is my danger nigh :
But they are gracious, but their hands are free,
And who can tell but they may reach to me ?
Some they forgive, and every age relates
That equal crimes have met unequal fates ;
That sins alike, unlike rewards have found,
And whilst this villain's crucified, the other's
crown'd.

The man that shiver'd on the brink of sin,
Thus steel'd and harden'd, ventures boldly in ;

⁶ An Egyptian goddess, supposed to be much concerned in inflicting diseases and maladies on mankind.

⁷ An excellent foot-man, who won the prize in the Olympian games.

Dare him to swear, he with a cheerful face
 Flies to the shrine, and bids thee mend thy pace ;
 He urges, goes before thee, shows the way,
 Nay, pulls thee on, and chides thy dull delay :
 For confidence in sin, when mix'd with zeal,
 Seems innocence, and looks to most as well.

XIII.

Thus like the waggish slave in ——— play ⁸,
 He spreads the net, and takes the easy prey.
 You rage and storm, and blasphemously loud,
 As Stentor ⁹ bellowing to the Grecian crowd,
 Or Homer's Mars ¹⁰, with too much warmth exclaim ;
 Jove, dost thou hear, and is thy thunder tame?
 Wert thou all brass, thy brazen arm should rage,
 And fix the wretch a sign to future age :
 Else why should mortals to thy feasts repair,
 Spend useless incense, and more useless prayer ?
 Bathyllus' statue ¹¹ at this rate may prove
 Thy equal rival, or a greater Jove.

XIV.

Be cool, my friend, and hear my muse dispense
 Some sovereign comforts drawn from common
 sense ;
 Not fetch'd from stoics' rigid schools, nor wrought
 By Epicurus' more indulgent thought ;

⁸ Catullus, a dramatic poet, had written a comedy, called *Phasma*, or the Apparition ; in which, it seems, there 'was a spirit, that answered and mocked some poor man, till it made him stretch his voice as loud as Homer's Stentor.

⁹ A famous crier in the Grecian army, whose single voice was as loud as that of fifty men together.

¹⁰ Homer says, that Mars, being wounded by Diomedes, made as great an outcry, as ten thousand men shouting to the battle.

¹¹ A fidler and a player ; but put here for an idle scoundrel or insignificant fellow.

Who, led by nature, did with ease pursue [true.
The rules of life; guess'd best, though miss'd the
A desperate wound must skilful hands employ,
But thine is curable by Philip's boy ¹².

XV.

Look o'er the present and the former time :
If no example of so vile a crime
Appears, then mourn ; admit no kind relief,
But beat thy breast, and I applaud thy grief;
Let sorrow then appear in all her state,
Keep mournful silence, and shut fast thy gate.
Let solemn grief on money lost attend,
Greater than waits upon a dying friend ;
None feigns, none acted mournings forc'd to show,
Or squeeze his eyes to make that torrent flow ;
For money lost demands a heartier due ;
Then tears are real, and the grief is true.

But if at each assize, and term, we try
A thousand rascals of as deep a dye ;
If men forswear the deeds and bonds they draw,
Though sign'd with all formality of law,
And though the writing and the seal proclaim
The barefac'd perjury, and fix the shame ;
Go, fortune's darling, nor expect to bear
The common lot, but to avoid thy share !
Heaven's favourite thou, for better fates design'd,
Than we the dregs and rubbish of mankind !

XVI.

This petty sinner scarce deserves thy rage,
Compar'd with the great villains of the age,

12 A surgeon of no great credit and reputation.

Here hir'd assassins kill ; there, sulphur thrown,
By treacherous hands, destroys the frighted town.
Bold sacrilege, invading things divine,
Breaks through a temple or destroys a shrine ;
The reverend goblets, and the ancient plate,
Those grateful presents of a conquering state,
Or pious king ; or if the shrine be poor,
The image spoils : nor is the god secure.
One seizes Neptune's beard, one Castor's crown,
Or Jove himself, and melts the thunderer down.

Here poisoners murder, there the impious son,
With whom a guiltless ape ¹² is doom'd to drown,
Prevents old age ; and with a hasty blow
Cuts down his sire, and quickens fates too slow.

Yet what are these to those vast heaps of crimes,
Which make the greatest business of our times,
Which terms prolong, and which from morn to night
Amaze the juries, and the judges fright ?

Attend the court, and thou shalt briefly find
In that one place the manners of mankind ;
Hear the indictments, then return again,
Call thyself wretch, and if thou dar'st, complain,
Whom, midst the Alps, do hanging throats sur-
Who stares, in Germany, at watchet eyes ? [prise ?
Or who in Meroë, when the breast, reclin'd,
Hangs o'er the shoulder to the child behind,
And bigger than the boy ? for wonder's lost
When things grow common, and are found in most.

When cranes invade, his little sword and shield
The pigmy takes, and straight attends the field ;

¹² The villain that killed his father was to be put into a bag with a dog, a cock, a serpent, and an ape, and thrown into the sea.

The fight's soon o'er; the cranes descend, and bear
The sprawling warriors through the liquid air :
Now here should such a fight appear to view
All men would split, the sight would please whilst
new :

There none's concern'd, where every day they fight,
And not one warrior is a foot in height.

XVII.

But shall the villain 'scape? shall perjury
Grow rich and safe, and shall the cheat be free?
Hadst thou full power (rage asks no more) to kill,
Or measure out his torments by thy will;
Yet what couldst thou, tormentor, hope to gain?
Thy loss continues, unrepaid by pain;
Inglorious comfort thou shalt poorly meet
From his mean blood. But, oh! revenge is sweet.

Thus think the crowd, who, eager to engage,
Take quickly fire, and kindle into rage;
Who ne'er consider; but, without a pause,
Make up in passion what they want in cause.
Not so mild Thales nor Chrysippus ¹³ thought,
Nor that good man, who drank the poisonous draught
With mind serene; and could not wish to see
His vile accuser drink as deep as he:
Exalted Socrates! divinely brave!
Injur'd he fell, and dying he forgave;
Too noble for revenge; which still we find
The weakest frailty of a feeble mind;
Degenerous passion, and for man too base,
It seats its empire in the female race,
There rages; and, to make its blow secure,
Puts flattery on, until the aim be sure.

¹³ Philosophers of great credit and worth.

XVIII.

But why must those be thought to 'scape, that feel
Those rods of scorpions, and those whips of steel,
Which conscience shakes, when she with rage
controls,

And spreads amazing terrors through their souls?

Not sharp revenge, not hell itself, can find

A fiercer torment than a guilty mind.

Which day and night doth dreadfully accuse,

Condemns the wretch, and still the charge renews.

XIX.

A trusted Spartan was inclin'd to cheat,
(The coin look'd lovely, and the bag was great,
Secret the trust) and with an oath defend

The prize, and baffle his deluded friend :

But weak in sin, and of the gods afraid,

And not well vers'd in the forswearing trade,

He goes to Delphos ; humbly begs advice,

And thus the priestess by command replies :

' Expect sure vengeance, by the gods decreed,

To punish thoughts, not yet improv'd to deed.'

At this he started, and forbore to swear,

Not out of conscience of the sin, but fear.

Yet plagues ensued, and the contagious sin

Destroy'd himself, and ruin'd all his kin.

Thus suffer'd he for the imperfect will

To sin, and bare design of doing ill :

For he that but conceives a crime in thought,

Contracts the danger of an actual fault :

Then what must he expect, that still proceeds

To finish sin, and work up thoughts to deeds?

XX.

Perpetual anguish fills his anxious breast,
Not stop'd by business, nor compos'd by rest :
No music cheers him, and no feast can please,
He sits like discontented Damocles ¹⁴;
When by the sportive tyrant wisely shown
The dangerous pleasures of a flatter'd throne.

Sleep flies the wretch; or when his care's oppress'd,
And his toss'd limbs are wearied into rest,
Then dreams invade, the injur'd gods appear,
All arm'd with thunder, and awake his fear.
What frights him most, in a gigantic size,
Thy sacred image flashes in his eyes :
These shake his soul, and, as they boldly press,
Bring out his crimes ; and force him to confess.
This wretch will start at every flash that flies,
Grow pale at the first murmur of the skies,
Ere clouds are form'd, and thunder roars, afraid ;
And Epicurus ¹⁵ can afford no aid ;
His notions fail : and the destructive flame
Commission'd falls, not thrown by chance, but aim.
One clap is past, and now the skies are clear,
A short reprieve but to increase his fear :
Whilst arms divine, revenging crimes, below,
Are gathering up to give the greater blow.

But if a fever fires his sulphurous blood
In every fit he feels the hand of god,

¹⁴ Damocles having very much extolled the happiness of kings, in the presence of Dionysius king of Syracuse ; Dionysius invited him to dinner, placed him in a rich throne, and gave him a very splendid entertainment ; but just over his head hung a sword by a hair, with the point downward.

¹⁵ A philosopher, who thought all things were by chance.

And heaven-born flame. Then, drown'd in deep
He dares not offer one repenting prayer; [despair,
Nor vow one victim to preserve his breath;
Amaz'd he lies, and sadly looks for death:
For how can hope with desperate guilt agree?
And the worst beast is worthier life than he.

XXI.

He that once sins, like him that slides on ice,
Goes swiftly down the slippery ways of vice;
Though conscience checks him, yet, those rubs
gone o'er,
He slides on smoothly, and looks back no more.
What sinners finish, where they first begin;
And with one crime content their lust to sin?
Nature, that rude, and in her first essay,
Stood boggling at the roughness of the way;
Us'd to the road, unknowing to return,
Goes boldly on, and loves the path when worn.

XXII.

Fear not, but pleas'd with this successful bait,
Thy perjur'd friend will quickly tempt his fate;
He will go on, until his crimes provoke
The arm divine to strike the fatal stroke:
Then thou shalt see him plung'd, when least he fears,
At once accounting for his deep arrears;
Sent to those narrow isles, which throng'd we see
With mighty exiles, once secure as he;
Drawn to the gallows, or condemn'd to chains:
Then thou shalt triumph in the villain's pains,
Enjoy his groans; and with a grateful mind
Confess, that heaven is neither deaf nor blind.

JUVENAL.

SATIRE XIV.

BY MR. JOHN DRYDEN, JUN.

ARGUMENT.

Since domestic examples easily corrupt our youth, the poet prudently exhorts all parents, that they themselves should abstain from evil practices: amongst which, he chiefly points at dice and gaming, taverns, drunkenness, and cruelty, which they exercised upon their slaves: lest, after their pernicious example, their sons should copy them in their vices, and become gamesters, drunkards, and tyrants, listrigons, and cannibals to their servants. For, if the father, says Juvenal, love the box and dice, the boy will be given to an itching elbow. Neither is it to be expected, that the daughter of Larga the adulteress should be more continent than her mother: since we are all, by nature, more apt to receive ill impressions than good; and are besides more pliant in our infancy and youth, than when we grow up to riper years. Thus, we are more apt to imitate a Catiline than a Brutus, or the uncle of Brutus, Cato Uticensis. For these reasons, he is instant with all parents, that they permit not their children to hear lascivious words; and that they banish pimps, whores, and parasites, from their houses. If they are careful, says the poet, when they make any invitation to their friends, that all things shall be clean, and set in order; much more it is their duty to their children, that nothing appear corrupt or undecent in their family. Storks and vultures, because they are fed by the old ones with

snakes and carrion, naturally, and without instruction, feed on the same uncleanly diet : but the generous eaglet, who is taught by her parents to fly at hares, and sowse on kids, disdains afterwards to pursue a more ignoble game. Thus the son of Centronius was prone to the vice of raising stately structures, beyond his fortune ; because his father had ruined himself by building. He whose father is a Jew, is naturally prone to superstition, and the observation of his country-laws. From hence the poet descends to a satire against avarice, which he esteems to be of worse example than any of the former. The remaining part of the poem is wholly employed on this subject, to show the misery of this vice. He concludes, with limiting our desire of riches to a certain measure ; which he confines within the compass of what hunger, and thirst, and cold, require for our preservation and subsistence : with which necessities if we are not contented, then the treasures of Cræsus, of the Persian king, or of the eunuch Narcissus, who commanded both the will and the fortunes of Claudius the emperor, would not be sufficient to satisfy the greediness of our desires.

TO HIS FRIEND FUSCINUS.

FUSCINUS, those ill deeds that sully fame,
And lay such blots upon an honest name,
In blood once tainted, like a current run,
From the lewd father to the lewder son.
If gaming does an aged sire entice,
Then my young master swiftly learns the vice, }
And shakes in hanging-sleeves the little box and
dice. }

Thus the voluptuous youth, bred up to dress,
For his fat grandsire, some delicious mess ;
In feeding high, his tutor will surpass,
As heir-apparent of the Gourmand race.

And should a thousand grave philosophers
 Be always hollowing virtue in his ears,
 They would, at last, their loss of time lament;
 And give him o'er for glutton in descent.

Can cruel Rutilus¹, who loves the noise
 Of whips far better than a Syren's voice?
 Can Polyphemus², or Antiphates³,
 Who gorge themselves with man? can such as these
 Set up to teach humanity, and give,
 By their example, rules for us to live?
 Can they preach up equality of birth,
 And tell us how we all began from earth?
 The' inhuman lord⁴, who, with a cruel gust,
 Can a red fork in his slave's forehead thrust;
 Because the' unlucky criminal was caught
 With little theft of two coarse towels⁵ fraught?
 Can he a son to soft remorse incite,
 Whom gaols⁶, and blood, and butchery delight?
 Who would expect the daughter should be other
 Than common punk, if Larga⁷ be the mother?
 Whose lovers' names in order to run o'er,
 The girl took breath full thirty times, and more;

¹ Some person in the poet's time, noted for his cruelty.

² Polyphemus, a famous giant with one eye, and a cannibal.

³ Antiphates, a king of the Læstrygons, who were all man-eaters. I doubt not but the Læstrygons, who were a people of Italy, learned this diet of king Saturn, when he hid himself among them; and gave this example, by making a meal's-meat of his own children.

⁴ By this lord, is still meant the same cruel Rutilus.

⁵ 'Suppos'd Bath-Rubbers.' The Romans were great bathers.

⁶ Country-gaols, where they kept their working slaves in great numbers.

⁷ Larga, a fictitious name for some very common woman.

She, when but yet a tender minx, began
To hold the door, but now sets up for man ;
And to her gallants, in her own hand-writing,
Sends billets-doux of the old bawd's inditing.
So nature prompts ; so soon we go astray,
When old experience puts us in the way :
Our green youth copies what grey sinners act ;
When venerable age commends the fact.

Some sons, indeed, some very few, we see
Who keep themselves from this infection free,
Whom gracious Heaven for nobler ends design'd,
Their looks erected, and their clay refin'd :
The rest are all by bad example led,
And in their father's slimy track they tread.
Is't not enough we should ourselves undo,
But that our children we must ruin too ?
Children, like tender osiers, take the bow,
And as they first are fashion'd, always grow.
By nature, headlong to all ills we run,
And virtue, like some dreadful monster, shun.
Survey the world, and where one Cato⁸ shines,
Count a degenerate herd of Catilines⁹.

Suffer no lewdness, or undecent speech,
The' apartment of the tender youth to reach ;
Far be from thence the glutton parasite¹⁰,
Singing his drunken catches all the night :

⁸ Cato of Utica, a Roman patriot, who slew himself rather than he would submit to Julius Cæsar.

⁹ Catiline, a plotter against the commonwealth of Rome.

¹⁰ Parasite, a Greek word ; among the Romans used for a flatterer and feast-hunter. This sort of creature they slighted in those days, and used very scornfully, terming such a one an *umbra* ; that is, a shadow, an apparition, &c.

But further still be woman ; woman first
Was evil's cause, herself of ills the worst.
Boys, ev'n from parents, may this reverence claim ;
For when thou dost at some vile action aim,
Say, should the harmless child withhold thy hand,
Would it not put thy fury to a stand ?
Then may we not conclude the sire unjust,
Who (when his son, o'ercome with drink and lust,
Is by the censor¹¹ of good manners caught,
And suffers public penance for his fault)
Rails, and reviles, and turns him out of door,
For what himself so oft has done before ?
A son so copied from his vice, so much
The very same in every little touch ;
'That should he not resemble too his life,
The father justly might suspect his wife.

This very reverend lecher, quite worn out
With rheumatisms, and crippled with his gout,
Forgets what he in youthful times has done,
And swings his own vices in his son.
To entertain a guest, with what a care
Would he his household ornaments prepare ;
Harass his servants, and overseer stand,
To keep 'em working with a threatening wand :
'Clean all my plate,' he cries, 'let not one stain
Sully the figur'd silver, or the plain ;
Rub all the floors, make all the pillars bright,
No hanging cobwebs leave to shock the sight.'

O wretched man ! is all this hurry made
On this account, because thou art afraid

¹¹ This censor of good manners was an officer of considerable power in Rome ; in some respects not unlike our mid-night-magistrate, but not altogether so saucy.

A dirty hall or entry should offend
The curious eyes of thy invited friend?
Reform thy family: one son at home
Concerns thee more than many guests to come.
If to some useful art ¹² he be not bred,
He grows mere lumber, and is worse than dead:
For what we learn in youth, to that alone
In age we are by second nature prone.
The callow storks with lizzard and with snake
Are fed, and soon as e'er to wing they take,
At sight, those animals for food pursue,
The first delicious bit they ever knew.
Ev'n so 'tis nature in the vulture's breed,
On dogs and human carcasses to feed.
Jove's bird ¹³ will sowse upon the timorous hare,
And tender kids with his sharp talons tear:
Because such food was laid before him first,
When from his shell the labouring eaglet burst.
Centronius ¹⁴ does high costly villas raise
With Grecian marble, which the sight amaze:
Some stand upon Cajeta's winding shore,
At Tybûr's tower, and at Præneste more.

¹² The old Romans were careful to breed up their sons so, that afterwards they might be useful to their country in peace or war, or ploughing the ground: *Utilis agris*, (as Juvenal has it:) an exercise that would break the hearts of our modern beaux.

¹³ 'Jove's Bird.' The eagle; so called for the great service he did Jupiter, in bringing Ganymede, a lovely boy, on his back to him.

¹⁴ Centronius, a famous extravagant architect, who with his son (who took after him) built away all his estates; and had so many palaces at last, that he was too poor to live in any of them.

The dome of Hercules and fortune show,
To his tall fabrics, like small cots below :
So much his palaces o'erlook 'em all,
As gelt Posides ¹⁵ does our capitol.
His son builds on, and never is content,
Till the last farthing is in structure spent.

The Jews, like their bigotted sires before,
By gazing on the clouds, their god adore ¹⁶ :
So superstitious, that they'll sooner dine
Upon the flesh of men than that of swine.
Our Roman customs they contemn and jeer,
But learn and keep their country rites with fear.
That worship only they in reverence have,
Which in dark volumes their great Moses gave.
Ask 'em the road, and they shall point you wrong,
Because you do not to their tribe belong :
They'll not betray a spring to quench your thirst,
Unless you show 'em circumcision first.
So they are taught, and do it to obey
Their fathers, who observe the sabbath-day.

Young men to imitate all ills are prone,
But are compell'd to avarice alone :
For then in virtue's shape they follow vice ;
Because a true distinction is so nice,
That the base wretch who hoards up all he can,
Is prais'd, and call'd a careful, thrifty man :

¹⁵ As gelt Posides, viz. The palace of the eunuch Posides.
As in Virgil, *Jam proximus ardet—Ucalegon*.

¹⁶ Juvenal, though he was wise enough to laugh at his own country gods, yet had not, or would not have, a right notion of the true Deity ; which makes him ridicule the Jews' manner of worship.

The fabled dragon ¹⁷ never guarded more
 The golden fleece, than he his ill-got store :
 What a profound respect where'er he goes
 The multitude to such a monster shows ?
 Each father cries,—‘ My son, example take,
 And, led by this wise youth, thy fortunes make ;
 Who day and night ne’er ceas’d to toil and sweat, }
 Drudg’d like a smith, and on the anvil beat, }
 Till he had hammer’d out a vast estate.
 Side with that sect, who learnedly deny
 That e’er content was join’d with poverty ;
 Who measure happiness by wealth encreas’d,
 And think the monied man alone is bless’d.’
 Parents the little arts of saving teach,
 Ere sons the top of avarice can reach ;
 When with false weights their servants’ guts they
 And pinch their own to cover the deceit : [cheat,
 Keep a stale crust, till it looks blue, and think
 Their flesh ne’er fit for eating till it stink ;
 ‘The least remains of which they mince, and dress
 It o’er again, to make another mess ;
 Adding a leek, whose every string is told,
 For fear some pilfering hand should make too bold :
 And with a mark distinct, seal up a dish
 Of thrice-boil’d beans, and putrid summer fish.
 A beggar on the bridge ¹⁸ would loath such food,
 And send it to be wash’d in Tiber’s flood,

¹⁷ This dragon was guardian of the Golden Fleece, which hung in the temple of Mars at Colchos ; and hereby hangs a tale, or a long story of Jason and Medea, with which I will not trouble you.

¹⁸ Beggars took their stations then, as they do now, in the greatest thoroughfares, which were their bridges ; of which there were many over the river Tiber in Rome.

But, to what end these ways of sordid gain?
It shows a manifest unsettled brain,
Living, to suffer a low starving fate,
In hopes of dying in a wealthy state.
For, as thy strutting bags with money rise,
The love of gain is of an equal size.
Kind fortune does the poor man better bless,
Who though he has it not, desires it less.
One villa therefore is too little thought;
A larger farm at a vast price is bought:
Uneasy still within these narrow bounds,
Thy next design is on thy neighbour's grounds:
His crop invites, to full perfection grown,
Thy own seems thin, because it is thy own:
The purchase therefore is demanded straight,
And if he will not sell, or makes thee wait,
A team of oxen in the night are sent
(Starv'd for the purpose, and with labour spent)
To take free quarter, which in one half hour
The pains and product of a year devour:
Then, some are basely brib'd to vow, it looks
Most plainly done by thieves with reaping-hooks.
Such mean revenge, committed underhand,
Has ruin'd many an acre of good land.
What if men talk, and whispers go about,
Pointing the malice and its author out?
He values not what they can say or do;
For who will dare a monied man to sue?
'Thus he would rather curs'd and envy'd be,
Than lov'd and prais'd in honest poverty.
But to possess a long and happy life,
Freed from diseases, and secure from strife;

Give me, ye gods, the product of one field,
As large as that which the first Romans till'd ¹⁹;
That so I neither may be rich nor poor,
And having just enough, not covet more.

'Twas then, old soldiers cover'd o'er with scars,
(The marks of Pyrrhus ²⁰, or the Punic wars ²¹)
Thought all past services rewarded well,
If to their share at last two acres fell;
(Their country's frugal bounty;) so of old
Was blood and life, at a low market sold.

Yet, then, this little spot of earth well till'd,
A numerous family with plenty fill'd;
The good old man and thrifty housewife spent
Their days in peace, and fatten'd with content,
Enjoy'd the dregs of life, and liv'd to see
A long descending healthful progeny.
The men were fashion'd in a larger mould;
The women fit for labour, big and bold.
Gigantic hinds, as soon as work was done,
To their huge pots of boiling pulse would run:
Fell to, with eager joy, on homely food;
And their large veins beat strong with wholesome
blood.

Of old, two acres were a bounteous lot,
Now, scarce they serve to make a garden-plot.

19 The field of Mars, or Campus Martius, which was the greatest part of the Roman empire, when in its infancy under Romulus, and Tatius the Sabine, his co-partner; admitted for the sake of the fair ladies he brought with him.

20 Pyrrhus, king of the Epirots, a formidable enemy to the Romans, though at last overcome by them. He died a very little death, (as 'tis the fate of some heroes) being martyred by the fall of a tile from a house.

21 Wars against the Carthaginians.

From hence the greatest part of ills descend,
 When lust of getting more will have no end:
 That, still, our weaker passions does command,
 And puts the sword and poison in our hand.
 Who covets riches, cannot brook delay,
 But spurs, and bears down all that stops his way:
 Nor law, nor checks of conscience, will he hear,
 When in hot scent of gain, and full career.

But hark, how ancient Marsus²² did advise;
 My sons, let these small cots and hills suffice:
 Let us the harvest of our labour eat;
 'Tis labour makes the coarsest diet sweet:
 Thus much to the kind rural gods we owe,
 Who pitied suffering mortals long ago;
 When on harsh acorns²³ hungrily they fed,
 And gave 'em nicer palates, better bread.
 The country-peasant meditates no harm,
 When clad with skins of beasts to keep him warm,
 In winter weather, unconcern'd he goes,
 Almost knee deep through mire, in clumsy shoes.
 Vice dwells in palaces, is richly dress'd,
 There glows in scarlet, and the Tyrian vest.
 The wiser ancients these instructions gave:
 But now a covetous old crafty knave,
 At dead of night shall rouse his son, and cry,
 ' Turn out, you rogue, how like a beast you lie:
 Go, buckle to the law; is this an hour
 To stretch your limbs? You'll ne'er be chancellor.

²² Marsus, a thrifty husbandman, from whom the Mærsi were so called; a laborious people, some fifteen miles distant from Rome.

²³ Mankind fed on acorns, till Ceres the goddess of Corn instructed them to sow grain.

Or else yourself to Lælius recommend,
To such broad shoulders Lælius ²⁴ is a friend :
Fight under him, there's plunder to be had ,
A captain is a very gainful trade :
And when in service your best days are spent,
In time you may command a regiment.
But if the trumpet's clangor you abhor,
And dare not be an alderman of war ;
Take to a shop, behind a counter lie,
Cheat half in half ; none thrive by honesty :
Never reflect upon the sordid ware
Which you expose ; be gain your only care.
He that grows rich by scouring of a sink,
Gets wherewithal to justify the stink.
This sentence, worthy Jove himself, record
As true, and take it on a poet's word :
' To' have money is a necessary task,
From whence 'tis got, the world will never ask'."

Taught by their nurses, little children get
This saying, sooner than their alphabet.
What care a father takes to teach his son,
With ill-tim'd industry, to be undone !
Leave him to nature, and you'll quickly find
The tender cockeril takes just after kind :
The forward youth will without driving go,
And learn to' outshoot you in your proper bow,
As much as Ajax his own sire excell'd,
And was the brawnier blockhead in the field.
Let nature in the boy but stronger grow,
And all the father soon itself will show.
When first the down appears upon his chin,
For a small sum he swears through thick and thin ;

²⁴ Some general officer in the Roman army.

At Ceres' altar vents his perjury,
 And blasts her holy image with a lie :
 If a rich wife he marries, in her bed
 She's found, by dagger, or by poison, dead !
 While merchants make long voyages by sea,
 To get estates, he cuts a shorter way ;
 In mighty mischiefs little labour lies :
 ' I never counsel'd this ; ' the father cries.
 But still, base man, he copied this from thee ;
 Thine was the prime, original villany.
 For he who covets gain to such excess,
 Does by dumb signs himself as much express,
 As if in words at length he show'd his mind ;
 Thy bad example made him sin, by kind.
 But how can youth, let loose to vice, restrain ?
 When once the hard-mouth'd horse has got the rein,
 He's past thy power to stop : young Phaeton,
 By the wild courses of his fancy drawn,
 From east to north, irregularly hurl'd,
 First set on fire himself, and then the world.

Astrologers assure long life, you say ?—
 Your son can tell you better much than they ;
 Your son and heir, whose hopes your life delay. }
 Poison will work against the stars : beware ;
 For every meal an antidote prepare :
 And let Archigenes some cordial bring
 Fit for a wealthy father, or a king.

What sight more pleasant, in his public shows,
 Did ever prætor on the stage expose,
 Than are such men as every day we see,
 Whose chief mishap, and only misery,
 Is to be overstock'd with ready coin,
 Which now they bring to watchful Castor's shrine²⁵ ;

²⁵ Not that the shrine was secured by the care of the god Castor ; for Juvenal knew their gods could have no such thing

Since Mars, whom we the great revenger call,
Lost his own helmet, and was strip'd of all.
'Tis time dull theatres we should forsake,
When busy men much more diversion make.
The tumbler's gambols some delight afford,
No less the nimble caperer on the cord;
But these are still insipid stuff to thee,
Coop'd in a ship, and toss'd upon the sea.
Base wretch! expos'd by thy own covetous mind
To the deaf mercy of the waves and wind.
The dancer on the rope, with doubtful tread,
Gets wherewithal to clothe and buy him bread,
Nor covets more than hunger to prevent;
But nothing less than millions thee content:
What shipwrecks and dead bodies choke the sea;
The numerous fools that were betray'd by thee!
For at the charming call of powerful gain,
Whole fleets equip'd, appear upon the main;
And spite of Libyan and Carpathian²⁶ gale,
Beyond the limits of known earth they sail.
A labour worth the while, at last to brag
(When safe return'd, and with a strutting bag)
What finny sea-gods thou hast had in view,
More than our lying poets ever knew.
What several madnesses in men appear!
Orestes²⁷ runs from fancied Furies here;

as care; but it was lined with a strong guard of soldiers, who had an eye to their god as well as their monies, lest he should be stolen, or unrigged, as Mars was. Our poet calls him 'watchful Castor' jeeringly.

26 'Libyan and Carpathian gale.' The first a south-west; the latter, (as we term it at sea) a strong Levant.

27 Orestes, said to be haunted by Furies, for killing his mother Clytemnestra, the wife of Agamemnon.

Ajax²⁸ belabours there an harmless ox,
And thinks that Agamemnon feels the knocks.
Nor is indeed that man less mad than these,
Who freights a ship to venture on the seas;
With one frail interposing plank to save
From certain death, roll'd on by every wave :
Yet silver makes him all this toil embrace,
Silver, with titles stamp'd, and a dull monarch's face.
When gathering clouds o'ershadow all the skies,
And shoot quick lightnings, ' Weigh, my boys,' he
' A summer's thunder, soon it will be past!' [cries :
Yet, hardy fool, this night may prove thy last :
When thou (thy ship o'erwhelm'd with waves) shalt
Forc'd to plunge naked in the raging sea ; [be
Thy teeth hard press'd, a purse full of dear gold,
The last remains of all thy treasure, hold.

Thus he ——

Whose sacred hunger, all the stores that lie
In yellow Tagus²⁹ could not satisfy ;
Does now in tatter'd clothes, at some lane's end,
A painted storm, for charity, extend.

With care and trouble great estates we gain ;
When got, we keep 'em with more care and pain.
Rich Licinus's³⁰ servants ready stand,
Each with a water-bucket in his hand,
Keeping a guard, for fear of fire, all night ;
Yet Licinus is always in a fright.

28 Ajax, the son of Telamon ; who ran mad, because Agamemnon gave the armour of Achilles from him to Ulysses.

29 Tagus, a river in Spain, said to be full of gold sand. This Tagus has lost its good qualities time out of mind, or the Spaniards have coined it dry ; for now they fetch their gold from the Indies, and then other nations fetch it from them.

30 Some noted rich man in Rome.

His curious statues, amber-works, and plate,
Still fresh encreasing pangs of mind create.
The naked Cynic's³¹ jar ne'er flames; if broken
'Tis quickly sodder'd, or a new bespoken.

When Alexander first beheld the face
Of the great Cynic, in that narrow space;
His own condition thus he did lament:
How much more happy thou, that art content
To live within this little hole, than I
Who after empire, that vain quarry, fly;
Grappling with dangers wheresoe'er I roam,
While thou hast all the conquer'd world at home.

Fortune a goddess is to fools alone,
The wise are always masters of their own.
If any ask me what would satisfy
To make life easy; thus I would reply:—
As much as keeps out hunger, thirst, and cold,
Or what contented Socrates³² of old:
As much as made wise Epicurus bless'd,
Who in small gardens spacious realms possess'd;
This is what nature's wants may well suffice:
He that would more, is covetous, not wise.
But since among mankind so few there are
Who will conform to philosophic fare;
Thus much I will indulge thee for thy ease,
And mingle something of our times to please:
Therefore enjoy a plentiful estate,
As much as will a knight of Rome create

31 'Naked Cynic.' Diogenes, a snarling dog-philosopher (for there have been dog-philosophers, as well as poets in doggrel).

32 Socrates and Epicurus, two wise philosophers, contented with the bare necessities of life: the first of these was esteemed the best moral philosopher; the latter, the best natural.

By Roscian law ³³ : and if that will not do,
Double, and take as much as will make two :
Nay, three ; to satisfy the last desire :
But if to more than this thou dost aspire ;
Believe me, all the riches of the east,
The wealth of Cræsus cannot make thee bless'd :
The treasure Claudius ³⁴ to Narcissus gave,
Would make thee, Claudius-like, an errant-slave :
Who to obey his mighty minion's will,
Did his lov'd empress Messalina kill.

³³ ' Roscian law ; ' so called from Roscius Otho, Tribune of the People ; who made a law, that none should sit in the fourteen first seats of the theatre, unless they were worth 400 sestertiums *per annum* ; that is, above 3000*l.* of our monies, and these were esteemed noblemen, *ipso facto*.

³⁴ Claudius, the fifth Cæsar, who had no better luck in a wife than his predecessors, Julius and Augustus, and most of the great men in history.

JUVENAL.

SATIRE XV.

BY MR. TATE.

ARGUMENT.

In this Satire against the superstition and cruelty of the Egyptians, it is probable our author had his old friend Crispinus (who was of that country) in his eye; and to whom he had paid his respects more than once before. The scene is now removed from Rome, which shows our author a professed enemy of vice wheresoever he meets with it. But if by the change of place, his subject and performance in this Satire be (as some think) more barren than in his others (the people being obscure and mean rabble, whose barbarous fact he relates); we find in it however sprinklings of the same moral sentiments and reflections that adorn the rest.

How Egypt, mad with superstition grown,
Makes gods of monsters, but too well is known :
One sex devotion to Nile's serpent ¹ pays ;
Others to Ibis ², that on serpents preys.

¹ The crocodile.

² A sort of bird in those parts, that is a great destroyer of serpents.

Where, Thebes ³, thy hundred gates lie unrepair'd,
 And where maim'd Memnon's ⁴ magic harp is heard,
 Where these are mouldering, let the sots combine
 With pious care a monkey to enshrine !

Fish-gods you'll meet, with fins and scales o'er-
 grown ;

Diana's dogs ador'd in every town ;
 Her dogs have temples, but the goddess none !

'Tis mortal sin an onion to devour,

Each clove of garlick is a sacred pow'r.

Religious nations sure, and bless'd abodes,

Where every orchard is o'errun with gods !

To kill, is murder ; sacrilege to eat

A kid or lamb,——man's flesh is lawful meat !

Of such a practice when Ulysses ⁵ told,

What think you ? Could Alcinous' guests withhold
 From scorn or rage ? ' Shall we,' cries one, ' permit

This lewd romancer, and his bantering wit ?

Nor on Charybdis' rock beat out his brains,

Or send him to the Cyclops whom he feigns ?

Of Scylla's dogs, and stranger flames than these,

Cyane's rocks ⁶ that justle in the seas,

³ Thebes, in Bœotia, had seven gates ; this in Egypt an hundred, and therefore called Hecatompylus.

⁴ This colossus, or marble statue of Memnon, held a harp in its hand, which uttered musical sounds when struck by the beams of the rising sun ; which Strabo tells us, that he both saw and heard ; but confesses he is not able to assign a cause. He adds, that one half of this statue was fallen in an earthquake ; from which mutilation and continuance of the strange sounds (supposed to proceed from magic), our author says, *Dimidio magicæ resonant ubi Memnone chordæ*.

⁵ Homer introduces Ulysses shipwrecked at the island Corcyra, and treated by Alcinous, who there reigned king of the Phæacs ; at whose table he recited the following passages.

⁶ The Symplegades, two rocks in the mouth of the Bospho-

Of winds in bags (for mirth-sake) let him tell,
And of his mates turn'd swine by Circe's spell;
But men to eat men, human faith surpasses:
This traveller takes us islanders for asses.
Thus the incred'lous Phæac (having yet
Drank but one round) replied in sober fret.
Nor without reason truly, since the board
(For proof o' the' fact) had but Ulysses' word.
What I relate 's more strange, and ev'n exceeds
All registers of purple tyrants' deeds:
Portentous mischiefs they but singly act,
A multitude conspir'd to this more horrid fact.
Prepare, I say, to hear of such a crime
As tragic poets, since the birth of time,
Ne'er feign'd, a thronging audience to amaze;
But true, and perpetrated in our days.

Ombus and Tentyr, neighbouring towns, of late
Broke into outrage of deep fester'd hate.
A grudge in both, time out of mind, begun,
And mutually bequeath'd from sire to son.
Religious spite, and pious spleen, bred first
This quarrel, which so long the bigots nurs'd.
Each calls the other's god a senseless stock,
His own, divine; though from the self-same block
One carver fram'd them, differing but in shape;
A serpent this resembling, that an ape.

The Tentyrites, to execute their crime
Think none so proper, as a sacred time,
Which call'd the' Ombites forth to public rites:
Seven days they spent in feasts, seven sleepless
nights.

rus, which, being at like distance from each other, seem to
strike upon one another, as the sailors pass by them.

(For scoundrels as these wretched Ombites be,
Canopus ⁷ they exceed in luxury)
Them revelling thus, the Tentyrites invade,
By giddy heads and staggering legs betray'd :
Strange odds! where crop-sick drunkards must en-
A hungry foe, and arm'd with sober rage. [gagē

At first both parties in reproaches jar,
And make their tongues the trumpets of the war.
Words break no bones, and in a railing fray,
Women and priests can be as stout as they.
Words serve but to enflame our warlike lists,
Who, wanting weapons, clutch their horny fists ;
Yet thus make shift to' exchange such furious blows,
Scarce one escapes with more than half a nose.
Some stand their ground with half their visage gone,
But with the remnant of a face fight on.
Such transform'd spectacles of horror grow ;
That not a mother her own son would know.
One eye, remaining, for the other spies,
Which now on earth a trampled jelly lies.
Yet, hitherto, both parties think the fray
But mockery of war, mere children's play :
Though traversing, with streams of blood they meet,
They tread no carcase yet beneath their feet :
And scandal think't to have none slain outright,
Between two hosts that for religion fight.

This whets their rage to search for stones as large
As they could lift, or with both hands discharge :
Not (altogether) of a size, if match'd
With those which Ajax once, or Turnus snatch'd
For their defence, or by Tydides thrown,
That brush'd Æneas' crest, and struck him down ;

⁷ A city in Egypt, infamous for riots and debauchery.

Of weight would make two men strain hard to raise,
 Such men as liv'd in honest Homer's 8 days:
 Whom giants yet to us we must allow,
 Dwindled into a race of pigmies now;
 The mirth and scorn of gods that see us fight,
 Such little wasps, and yet so full of spite:
 For bulk mere insects, yet in mischief strong,
 And spent so ill, our short life's much too long!

Fresh forces now of Tentyrites, from town,
 With swords and darts, to aid their friends, come
 Who with fleet arrows, levell'd from afar, [down.
 Ere they themselves approach'd, secure the war.
 Hard set before, what could the' Ombites do?
 They fly; their pressing foes as fast pursue.
 An Ombite wretch (by headlong haste betray'd,
 And falling down i' the' rout) is prisoner made;
 Whose flesh torn off by lumps, the ravenous foe
 In morsels cut, to make it further go;
 His bones clean pick'd, his very bones they gnaw;
 No stomach's balk'd because the corpse is raw.
 'T had been lost time to dress him—keen desire
 Supplies the want of kettle, spit, and fire.
 (Prometheus' ghost is sure o'erjoy'd to see
 His Heav'n-stol'n fire from such disaster free:
 Nor seems the sparkling element less pleas'd
 than he).

The guests are found too numerous for the treat;
 But all, it seems, who had the luck to eat,
 Swear they ne'er tasted more delicious meat.
 They swear, and such good palates you should trust;
 Who doubts the relish of the first free gust?

⁸ Alluding to that passage of Homer, in the Iliad, Ὅ ἃ δὲ
 γ' ἄνδρες φέροισιν, οἷοι νῦν βροτοὶ εἰσι.

Since one who had i' the' rear excluded been,
 And could not for a taste o' the' flesh come in,
 Licks the soil'd earth; which he thinks full as good,
 While reeking with a mangled Ombit's blood.

The Vascons ⁹ once with man's flesh (as 'tis said)
 Kept life and soul together.—Grant they did,
 Their case was different; with long siege distress'd,
 And all extremities of war oppress'd.
 (For miserable to the last degree,
 The' excuse of such a practice ought to be).
 With creatures, vermin, herbs, or weeds sustain'd,
 While creatures, vermin, herbs, or weeds remain'd;
 Till to such meagre spectacles reduc'd,
 As ev'n compassion in the foe produc'd:
 Acquitted by the manes of the dead,
 And ghosts of carcasses on which they fed.
 By Zeno's ¹⁰ doctrine we are taught, 'tis true,
 For life's support no harmless thing to do:
 But Zeno never to the Vascons read;
 ('Tis since their days that civil arts have spread:
 'Twas lately British lawyers, from the Gaul,
 Learnt to harangue, and eloquently bawl.
 Thulè hopes next to' improve her northern style,
 And plant (where yet no spring did ever smile) }
 With flowers of rhetoric her frozen isle). }
 That brave the Vascons were, we must confess,
 Who fortitude preserv'd in such distress;
 Yet not the brightest their example shines,
 Eclips'd by the more noble Saguntines ¹¹;

⁹ In the town Caligulis, besieged by Metellus.

¹⁰ The principal of the Stoics.

¹¹ The Confederates of Rome, who being besieged by Hannibal for eight months, and having suffered all extremities, at

Who both the foe and famine to beguile,
For dead and living rais'd one common pile.

Mæotis first did impious rites devise,
Of treating gods with human sacrifice :
But savage Egypt's cruelty exceeds [bleeds,
The Scythian shrine¹²; where, though the captive
Secure of burial when his life is fled,
'The murdering knife's thrown by, when once the
victim's dead.

Did famine to this monstrous fact compel,
Or did the miscreants try this conjuring spell, }
In time of drought to make the Nile to swell?
Amongst the rugged Cimbrians, or the race
Of Gauls, or fiercer Tartars, can you trace
An outrage of revenge like this pursued
By an effeminate scoundrel multitude?
Whose utmost daring is to cross the Nile
In painted boats, to fright the crocodile.
Can men, or more resenting gods, invent,
Or hell inflict, proportion'd punishment
On varlets, who could treat revenge and spite
With such a feast, as famine's self would fright?

Compassion proper to mankind appears ;
Which nature witness'd, when she lent us tears :
Of tender sentiments we only give
Those proofs : to weep is our prerogative ;
To show, by pitying looks and melting eyes,
How with a suffering friend we sympathize !
Nay, tears will ev'n from a wrong'd orphan slide,
When his false guardian at the bar is tried :

last erected one great pile, in which they burnt themselves
with their dead, as also all their goods, to leave the enemy no
plunder.

12 The temple of Diana Tauricæ, where they sacrificed
strangers.

So tender, so unwilling to accuse,
So oft the roses on his cheek bedews,
So soft his tresses, fill'd with trickling pearl,
You'd doubt his sex, and take him for a girl.
B' impulse of nature (though to us unknown
The party be) we make the loss our own ;
And tears steal from our eyes, when in the street
With some betrothed virgin's herse we meet ;
Or infant funeral from the cheated womb
Convey'd to earth, and cradled in a tomb.
Who can all sense of others' ills escape,
Is but a brute, at best, in human shape.
This natural piety did first refine
Our wit, and rais'd our thoughts to things divine :
This proves our spirit of the gods' descent,
While that of beasts is prone and downward bent.
To them but earth-born life they did dispense ;
To us, for mutual aid, celestial sense :
From straggling mountaineers, for public good
To rank in tribes, and quit the savage wood,
Houses to build, and them contiguous make,
For cheerful neighbourhood and safety's sake :
In war, a common standard to erect,
A wounded friend in battle to protect ;
The summons take of the same trumpet's call
To sally from one port, or man one public wall.
But serpents now more amity maintain !
From spotted skins the leopard does refrain :
No weaker lion's by a stronger slain :
Nor from his larger tusks, the forest boar
Commission takes his brother-swine to gore :
Tiger with tiger, bear with bear you'll find
In leagues offensive and defensive join'd.
But lawless man the anvil dares profane,
And forg'd that steel by which a man is slain !

Which earth, at first, for ploughshares did afford, .
Nor yet the smith had learn'd to form a sword.
An impious crew we have beheld, whose rage
Their enemies' very life could not assuage,
Unless they banquet on the wretch they slew,
Devour the corpse, and lick the blood they drew!
What think you would Pythagoras have said
Of such a feast, or to what desert fled,
Who flesh of animals refus'd to eat,
Nor held all sorts of pulse for lawful meat?

JUVENAL.

SATIRE XVI.

BY MR. DRYDEN.

ARGUMENT.

The poet in this Satire proves, that the condition of a soldier is much better than that of a country-man: first, because a country-man, however affronted, provoked, and struck himself, dares not strike a soldier, who is only to be judged by a court-martial: and by the law of Camillus, which obliges him not to quarrel without the trenches, he is also assured to have a speedy hearing, and quick dispatch. Whereas, the townsman or peasant is delayed in his suit by frivolous pretences, and not sure of justice when he is heard in the court. The soldier is also privileged to make a will, and to give away his estate, which he got in war, to whom he pleases; without consideration of parentage or relations, which is denied to all other Romans. This Satire was written by Juvenal when he was a commander in Egypt. It is certainly his, though I think it not finished: and if it be well observed, you will find he intended an invective against a standing army.

WHAT vast prerogatives, my Gallus, are
Accruing to the mighty man of war!
For, if into a lucky camp I light,
Though raw in arms, and yet afraid to fight;
Befriend me, my good stars, and all goes right. }

One happy hour is to a soldier better,
Than mother Juno's¹ recommending letter,
Or Venus, when to Mars she would prefer
My suit, and own the kindness done to her.

See what our common privileges are :

As, first, no saucy citizen shall dare
To strike a soldier, nor, when struck, resent
The wrong, for fear of further punishment :
Not though his teeth are beaten out, his eyes
Hang by a string, in bumps his forehead rise,
Shall he presume to mention his disgrace,
Or beg amends for his demolish'd face.
A booted judge shall sit to try his cause,
Not by the statute, but by martial laws ;
Which old Camillus² order'd, to confine
The brawls of soldiers to the trench and line :
A wise provision ! and from thence 'tis clear,
That officers a soldier's cause should hear :
And taking cognizance of wrongs receiv'd,
An honest man may hope to be reliev'd.
So far 'tis well : but with a general cry,
The regiment will rise in mutiny,
The freedom of their fellow-rogue demand,
And, if refus'd, will threaten to disband.
Withdraw thy action, and depart in peace ;
The remedy is worse than the disease :

¹ Juno was mother to Mars, the god of war. Venus was his mistress.

² Camillus (who being first banished by his ungrateful countrymen the Romans, afterwards returned, and freed them from the Gauls) made a law, which prohibited the soldiers from quarrelling without the camp ; lest, upon that pretence, they might happen to be absent, when they ought to be on duty.

This cause is worthy him³, who in the hall
 Would for his fee, and for his client, bawl :
 But wouldst thou, friend, who hast two legs alone,
 (Which, Heav'n be prais'd, thou yet may'st call
 thy own),

Wouldst thou to run the gauntlet these expose
 To a whole company of hob-nail'd shoes⁴?
 Sure the good-breeding of wise citizens
 Should teach 'em more good-nature to their shins.

Besides, whom can'st thou think so much thy
 friend,

Who dares appear thy business to defend?
 Dry up thy tears, and pocket up the' abuse,
 Nor put thy friend to make a bad excuse :
 The judge cries out, ' Your evidence produce.' }
 Will he, who saw the soldier's mutton-fist,
 And saw thee maul'd, appear within the list,
 To witness truth? When I see one so brave :
 The dead, think I, are risen from the grave ;
 And with their long spade beards, and matted hair,
 Our honest ancestors are come to take the air.
 Against a clown, with more security,
 A witness may be brought to swear a lie,
 Than, though his evidence be full and fair,
 To vouch a truth against a man of war.

More benefits remain, and claim'd as rights,
 Which are a standing army's perquisites.
 If any rogue vexatious suits advance
 Against me, for my known inheritance ;

³ The poet names a Modenese lawyer, whom he calls Vagellus ; who was so impudent, that he would plead any cause, right or wrong, without shame or fear.

⁴ The Roman soldiers wore plates of iron under their shoes or stuck them with nails ; as countrymen do now.

Enter by violence my fruitful grounds,
 Or take the sacred land-mark from my bounds;
 Those bounds, which with possession and with
 pray'r,
 And offer'd cakes ⁵, have been my annual care;
 Or if my debtors do not keep their day,
 Deny their hands, and then refuse to pay;
 I must with patience all the terms attend,
 Among the common causes that depend,
 Till mine is call'd; and that long look'd-for day
 Is still encumber'd with some new delay.
 Perhaps the cloth of state ⁶ is only spread, }
 Some of the quorum may be sick a-bed;
 That judge is hot, and doffs his gown, while this
 O'er night was bowsy, and goes out to p—:
 So many rubs appear, the time is gone
 For hearing, and the tedious suit goes on:
 But buff and belt-men never know these cares,
 No time, nor trick of law, their action bars:
 Their cause they to an easier issue put:
 They will be heard, or they lug out, and cut.

Another branch of their revenue still
 Remains, beyond their boundless right to kill;
 Their father ⁷ yet alive, impower'd to make a }
 will.

⁵ Land-marks were used by the Romans almost in the same manner as now: and as we go once a year in procession about the bounds of parishes, and renew them, so they offered cakes upon the stone, or land-mark.

⁶ The courts of judicature were hung, and spread, as with us; but spread only before the hundred judges were to sit, and judge public causes, which were called by lot.

⁷ The Roman soldiers had the privilege of making a will, in their father's life-time, of what they had purchased in the wars, as being no part of their patrimony. By this will, they had power of excluding their own parents, and giving the estates so

For what their prowess gain'd, the law declares
Is to themselves alone, and to their heirs :
No share of that goes back to the begetter,
But if the son fights well, and plunders better,
Like stout Coranus, his old shaking sire
Does a remembrance in his will desire ;
Inquisitive of fights, and longs in vain
To find him in the number of the slain :
But still he lives, and, rising by the war,
Enjoys his gains, and has enough to spare :
For 'tis a noble general's prudent part
To cherish valour, and reward desert ;
Let him be daub'd with lace, live high, and whore ;
Sometimes be lousy, but be never poor.

gotten, to whom they pleased : therefore, says the poet, Coranus, (a soldier contemporary with Juvenal, who had raised his fortune by the wars) was courted by his own father to make him his heir.

THE
SATIRES
OF
AULUS PERSIUS FLACCUS.
TRANSLATED FROM THE LATIN
BY
MR. DRYDEN.

TO
MR. DRYDEN,
ON HIS
TRANSLATION OF PERSIUS.

As when, of old, heroic story tells
Of knights imprison'd long by magic spells,
Till future time the destin'd hero send,
By whom the dire enchantment is to end :
Such seems this work, and so reserv'd for thee,
Thou great revealer of dark poësy.

Those sullen clouds, which have for ages past,
O'er Persius' too long-suffering muse been cast,
Disperse, and fly before thy sacred pen ;
And, in their room, bright tracks of light are seen.
Sure Phœbus' self thy swelling breast inspires,
The god of music and poetic fires :
Else, whence proceeds this great surprise of light ?
How dawns this day forth from the womb of night ?

Our wonder, now, does our past folly show,
Vainly contemning what we did not know :
So unbelievers impiously despise
The sacred oracles in mysteries.
Persius, before, in small esteem was had,
Unless what to antiquity is paid

But like Apocrypha, with scruple read,
(So far our ignorance our faith misled)
Till you, Apollo's darling priest, thought fit
To place it in the poet's sacred writ.

As coin which bears some awful monarch's face,
For more than its intrinsic worth will pass;
So your bright image, which we here behold,
Adds worth to worth, and dignifies the gold.
To you we all this following treasure owe,
This Hippocrene, which from a rock did flow.

Old stoic virtue, clad in rugged lines,
Polish'd by you, in modern brilliant shines:
And as before, for Persius, our esteem
To his antiquity was paid, not him;
So now, whatever praise from us is due,
Belongs not to old Persius, but the new.
For still obscure, to us no light he gives;
Dead in himself, in you alone he lives.

So stubborn flints their inward heat conceal,
Till art and force the' unwilling sparks reveal;
But through your skill, from those small seeds of fire,
Bright flames arise, which never can expire.

WILL. CONGREVE.

PERSIUS.

SATIRE I.

BY MR. DRYDEN.

ARGUMENT OF THE PROLOGUE.

The Design of the author was to conceal his name and quality. He lived in the dangerous times of the tyrant Nero; and aims particularly at him in most of his Satires: for which reason, though he was a Roman knight, and of a plentiful fortune, he would appear in this Prologue but a beggarly poet, who writes for bread. After this, he breaks into the business of the first Satire, which is chiefly to decry the poetry then in fashion, and the impudence of those who were endeavouring to pass their stuff upon the world.

PROLOGUE.

I NEVER did on cleft Parnassus ¹ dream,
Nor taste the sacred Heliconian stream;
Nor can remember when my brain, inspir'd,
Was by the Muses into madness fir'd.

¹ Parnassus and Helicon were hills consecrated to the muses; and the supposed place of their abode. Parnassus was forked on the top; and from Helicon ran a stream, the spring of which was called the Muses' Well.

ARGUMENT

OF THE

FIRST SATIRE.

I need not repeat, that the chief aim of the author is against bad poets in this Satire: but I must add, that he includes also bad orators, who began at that time (as Petronius in the beginning of his book tells us) to enervate manly eloquence, by tropes and figures, ill placed and worse applied. Amongst the poets Persius covertly strikes at Nero; some of whose verses he recites with scorn and indignation. He also takes notice of the noblemen and their abominable poetry, who in the luxury of their fortune set up for wits and judges. The Satire is in dialogue, betwixt the author and his friend or monitor; who dissuades him from this dangerous attempt of exposing great men. But Persius, who is of a free spirit, and has not forgotten that Rome was once a commonwealth, breaks through all those difficulties, and boldly arraigns the false judgment of the age in which he lives. The reader may observe that our poet was a Stoic philosopher; and that all his moral sentences, both here, and in all the rest of his Satires, are drawn from the dogmas of that sect.

SATIRE I.

IN DIALOGUE BETWIXT THE POET AND HIS
FRIEND, OR MONITOR.

Persius.

How anxious are our cares; and yet how vain
The bent of our desires!

Friend. Thy spleen contain:
For none will read thy Satires.

Persius. This to me?

Friend. None; or, what's next to none, but two
'Tis hard, I grant. [or three.

Persius. 'Tis nothing; I can bear
That paltry scribblers have the public ear;
That this vast universal fool, the town,
Should cry up Labeo's stuff¹, and cry me down.
They damn themselves; nor will my muse descend
To clap with such, who fools and knaves commend.
Their smiles and censures are to me the same;
I care not what they praise, or what they blame.
In full assemblies let the crowd prevail;
I weigh no merit by the common scale.
The conscience is the test of every mind;
Seek not thyself, without thyself, to find.
But where's that Roman?—Somewhat I would say,
But fear;—let fear, for once, to truth give way.
Truth lends the stoic courage. When I look
On human acts, and read in nature's book,
From the first pastimes of our infant age,
To elder cares, and man's severer page;
When stern as tutors, and as uncles hard,
We lash the pupil, and defraud the ward:
Then, then I say,—or would say, if I durst—
But thus provok'd, I must speak out, or burst.

Friend. Once more forbear.

Persius. I cannot rule my spleen;
My scorn rebels, and tickles me within.

First, to begin at home: our authors write
In lonely rooms, secur'd from public sight;

¹ Nothing is remaining of Atticus Labeo (so he is called by the learned Casaubon); nor is he mentioned by any other poet besides Persius: Casaubon, from an old commentator on Persius, says, that he made a very foolish translation of Homer's Iliad.

Whether in prose, or verse, 'tis all the same;
 The prose is fustian, and the numbers lame:
 All noise, and empty pomp, a storm of words,
 Labouring with sound, that little sense affords.
 They comb, and then they order every hair²:
 A gown, or white, or scour'd to whiteness, wear,
 A birthday jewel bobbing at their ear. }
 Next, gargle well their throats, and, thus prepar'd,
 They mount, a-God's name, to be seen and heard,
 From their high scaffold; with a trumpet cheek:
 And ogling all their audience ere they speak.
 The nauseous nobles, ev'n the chief of Rome,
 With gaping mouths to these rehearsals come,
 And pant with pleasure, when some lusty line
 The marrow pierces, and invades the chine.
 At open fulsome bawdry they rejoice,
 And slimy jest applaud with broken voice.
 Base prostitute! thus dost thou gain thy bread?
 Thus dost thou feed their ears, and thus art fed?
 At his own filthy stuff he grins and brays,
 And gives the sign where he expects their praise.

Why have I learn'd, sayst thou, if, thus confin'd,
 I choke the noble vigour of my mind?
 Know, my wild fig-tree³, which in rocks is bred,
 Will split the quarry, and shoot out the head.
 Fine fruits of learning! old ambitious fool,
 Dar'st thou apply that adage of the school;

² He describes a poet preparing himself to rehearse his works in public, which was commonly performed in August. A room was hired, or lent by some friend; a scaffold was raised, and a pulpit placed for him who was to hold forth; who borrowed a new gown, or scowered his old one; and adorned his ears with jewels, &c.

³ Trees of that kind grow wild in many parts of Italy; and make their way through rocks: sometimes splitting the tomb-stones.

As if 'tis nothing worth that lies conceal'd,
 And science is not science till reveal'd?
 Oh, but 'tis brave to be admir'd; to see
 The crowd, with pointing fingers, cry, That's he!
 That's he, whose wondrous poem is become
 A lecture for the noble youth of Rome!
 Who, by their fathers, is at feasts renown'd,
 And often quoted when the bowls go round:
 Full gorg'd and flush'd, they wantonly rehearse,
 And add to wine the luxury of verse.
 One, clad in purple, not to lose his time,
 Eats and recites some lamentable rhyme;
 Some senseless Phillis, in a broken note,
 Snuffling at nose, and croaking in his throat:
 Then graciously the mellow audience nod,
 Is not the' immortal author made a god?
 Are not his manes bless'd, such praise to have?
 Lies not the turf more lightly on his grave?
 And roses (while his loud applause they sing)
 Stand ready from his sepulchre to spring?

All these, you cry, but light objections are,
 Mere malice, and you drive the jest too far.
 For does there breathe a man who can reject
 A general fame, and his own lines neglect?
 In cedar tablets ⁴ worthy to appear,
 That need not fish or frankincense to fear?

Thou, whom I make the adverse part to bear,
 Be answer'd thus:—If I by chance succeed
 In what I write (and that's a chance indeed);
 Know, I am not so stupid, or so hard,
 Not to feel praise, or fame's deserv'd reward:

4 The Romans wrote on cedar and cypress tables, in regard
 of the duration of the wood. Ill verses might justly be afraid
 of frankincense; for the papers in which they were written
 were fit for nothing but to wrap it up.

But this I cannot grant ; that thy applause
 Is my work's ultimate, or only cause.
 Prudence can ne'er propose so mean a prize ;
 For mark what vanity within it lies.
 Like Labeo's Iliads ; in whose verse is found
 Nothing but trifling care and empty sound :
 Such little elegies as nobles write,
 Who would be poets in Apollo's spite.
 Them, and their woful works, the muse defies :
 Products of citron beds ⁵, and golden canopies.
 To give thee all thy due, thou hast the heart
 To make a supper, with a fine dessert ;
 And to thy threadbare friend a cast old suit impart. }
 Thus brib'd, thou thus bespeak'st him, ' Tell me,
 friend,

(For I love truth, nor can plain speech offend),
 What says the world of me and of my muse ?

The poor dare nothing tell but flattering news :
 But shall I speak ? Thy verse is wretched rhyme,
 And all thy labours are but loss of time :
 Thy strutting belly swells, thy paunch is high ;
 Thou writ'st not, but thou pissest poetry.

All authors to their own defects are blind ;
 Hadst thou but, Janus-like, a face behind ⁶,
 To see the people, what splay-mouths they make ;
 To mark their fingers, pointed at thy back :

⁵ Writings of noblemen, whose bedsteads were of the wood of citron.

⁶ Janus was the first king of Italy ; who refuged Saturn, when he was expelled by his son Jupiter from Crete ; (or, as we now call it, Candia. From his name the first month of the year is called January. He was pictured with two faces, one before and one behind ; as regarding the time past and the future. Some of the mythologists think he was Noah, for the reason given above.

Their tongues loll'd out, a foot beyond the pitch,
 When most athirst, of an Apulian bitch :
 But noble scribblers are with flattery fed ;
 For none dare find their faults who eat their bread.
 To pass the poets of patrician blood,
 What is't the common reader takes for good ?
 The verse in fashion is, when numbers flow,
 Soft without sense, and without spirit slow :
 So smooth and equal, that no sight can find
 The rivet, where the polish'd piece was join'd.
 So even all, with such a steady view,
 As if he shut one eye to level true.
 Whether the vulgar vice his satire stings,
 The people's riots, or the rage of kings,
 The gentle poet is alike in all ;
 His reader hopes no rise and fears no fall. [thing
 Friend. Hourly we see some raw pin-feather'd
 Attempt to mount, and fights and heroes sing ;
 Who for false quantities was whip'd at school
 But t'other day, and breaking grammar-rule,
 Whose trivial art was never tried above
 The bare description of a native grove ;
 Who knows not how to praise the country-store,
 The feasts, the baskets, nor the fatted boar ;
 Nor paint the flowery fields that paint them-
 selves before. }
 Where Romulus ⁷ was bred, and Quintius born,
 Whose shining ploughshare was in furrows worn.
 Met by his trembling wife, returning home,
 And rustically joy'd, as chief of Rome :

7 He speaks of the country in the foregoing verses ; the
 praises of which are the most easy theme for poets ; but which
 a bad poet cannot naturally describe. Then he makes a di-
 gression to Romulus, the first king of Rome, who had a rustical

She wip'd the sweat from the dictator's brow;
 And o'er his back his robe did rudely throw :
 The lictors bore in state their lord's triumphant
 plough. }

Some love to hear the fustian-poet roar ;
 And some on antiquated authors pore :
 Rummage for sense ; and think those only good
 Who labour most, and least are understood.
 When thou shalt see the blear-ey'd fathers teach
 Their sons this harsh and mouldy sort of speech ;
 Or others new affected ways to try,
 Of wanton smoothness, female poetry ;
 One would inquire from whence this motley style
 Did first our Roman purity defile :
 For our old dotards cannot keep their seat ;
 But leap and catch at all that's obsolete.

Others, by foolish ostentation led,
 When call'd before the bar, to save their head,
 Bring trifling tropes, instead of solid sense :
 And mind their figures more than their defence.
 Are pleas'd to hear their thick-skull'd judges cry
 Well mov'd, ' Oh finely said, and decently !'
 ' Theft ' (says th' accuser) to thy charge I lay,
 O Pedius !' What does gentle Pedius say ?
 Studious to please the genius of the times,
 With periods, points, and tropes⁸ he slurs his crimes :
 ' He rob'd not, but he borrow'd from the poor ;
 And took but with intention to restore.'

education ; and enlarges upon Quintius Cincianatus, a Roman senator, who was called from the plough to be dictator of Rome.

⁸ Persius here marks antitheses, or seeming contradictions ; which in this place are meant for rhetorical flourishes ; as I think, with Casaubon.

He lards with flourishes his long harangue ;
 'Tis fine, say'st thou ; what, to be prais'd, and hang ?
 Effeminate Roman, shall such stuff prevail
 To tickle thee, and make thee wag thy tail ?
 Say, should a shipwreck'd sailor sing his woe,
 Would'st thou be mov'd to pity, or bestow
 An alms ? what's more preposterous than to see
 A merry beggar ? mirth in misery ?

Persius. He seems a trap, for charity to lay :
 And cons by night his lesson for the day.

Friend. But to raw numbers, and unfinish'd verse,
 Sweet sound is added now, to make it terse :
 'Tis tag'd with rhyme, like Berecynthian Atys ?
 The mid-part chimes with art, which never flat is :
 The dolphin brave, that cut the liquid wave,
 Or he who, in his line, can chine the long-rib'd

Persius. All this is doggrel stuff. [Appennine.]

Friend. What if I bring
 A nobler verse ? ' Arms and the man I sing ¹⁰.'

Persius. Why name you Virgil with such fops as
 He's truly great ; and must for ever please : [these ?
 Nor fierce, but awful, in his manly page ;
 Bold in his strength, but sober in his rage.

Friend. What poems think you soft ? and to be read
 With languishing regards, and bending head ?

Persius. ' Their crooked horns ¹¹ the Mimallo-
 nian crew

With blasts inspir'd ; and Bassaris who slew

9 Foolish verses of Nero, which the poet repeats ; and which cannot be translated properly into English.

¹⁰ ' Arms and the man,' &c. The first line of Virgil's *Æneid*.

¹¹ ' Their crooked horns,' &c. Other verses of Nero, that were mere bombast. I only note, that the repetition of these and the former verses of Nero, might justly give the poet a caution to conceal his name.

The scornful calf, with sword advanc'd on high,
 Made from his neck his haughty head to fly :
 And Mænas, when, with ivy-bridles bound,
 She led the spotted lynx, then Evion rung around ;
 Evion, from woods and floods repairing echo's
 sound.

Could such rude lines a Roman mouth become,
 Were any manly greatness left in Rome ?
 Mænas and Atys ¹² in the mouth were bred ;
 And never hatch'd within the labouring head :
 No blood from bitten nails those poems drew ;
 But churn'd, like spittle, from the lips they flew.

Friend. 'Tis fustian all ; 'tis execrably bad :
 But if they will be fools, must you be mad ?
 Your satires, let me tell you, are too fierce ;
 The great will never bear so blunt a verse :
 Their doors are barr'd against a bitter flout :
 Snarl, if you please, but you shall snarl without.
 Expect such pay as railing rhymes deserve,
 You're in a very hopeful way to starve.

Persius. Rather than so, uncensur'd let 'em be ;
 All, all is admirably well, for me.
 My harmless rhyme shall 'scape the dire disgrace
 Of common-sewers, and every pissing-place ;
 Two painted serpents ¹³ shall, on high, appear ;
 'Tis holy ground ; you must not urine here.'

¹² Mænas and Atys, poems on the Mænades, who were priestesses of Bacchus ; and of Atys, who made himself an eunuch to attend on the sacrifices of Cybele, called Berecynthia by the poets ; she was mother of the gods.

¹³ 'Two painted serpents,' &c. Two snakes, twined with each other, were painted on the walls, by the ancients, to show the place was holy.

This shall be writ to fright the fry away,
Who draw their little bawbles when they play.

Yet old Lucilius¹⁴ never fear'd the times,
But lash'd the city, and dissected crimes :
Mutius and Lupus both by name he brought ;
He mouth'd 'em, and betwixt his grinders caught.
Unlike in method, with conceal'd design,
Did crafty Horace his low numbers join ;
And, with a sly insinuating grace,
Laugh'd at his friend, and look'd him in the face :
Would raise a blush, where secret vice he found ;
And tickle, while he gently prob'd the wound.
With seeming innocence the crowd beguil'd ;
But made the desperate passes, when he smil'd.

Could he do this ; and is my muse controll'd
By servile awe ? born free, and not be bold ?
At least, I'll dig a hole within the ground ;
And to the trusty earth commit the sound :
'The reeds shall tell you what the poet fears,
' King Midas¹⁵ has a snout, and asses' ears,'
This mean conceit, this darling mystery,
Which thou think'st nothing, friend, thou shalt
not buy ;

14 ' Yet old Lucilius,' &c. Lucilius wrote long before Horace ; who imitates his manner of satire, but far excels him in the design.

15 The story is vulgar, that Midas, king of Phrygia, was made judge betwixt Apollo and Pan, who was the best musician : he gave the prize to Pan ; and Apollo in revenge gave him asses' ears. He wore his hair long to hide them ; but his barber discovering them, and not daring to divulge the secret, dug a hole in the ground, and whispered into it. The place was marshy ; and when the reeds grew up, they repeated the words which were spoken by the barber. By Midas the poet meant Nero.

Nor will I change for all the flashy wit,
That flattering Labeo in his Iliads writ.

Thou ¹⁶, if there be a thou in this base town,
Who dares, with angry Eupolis, to frown;
He who, with bold Cratinus, is inspir'd
With zeal, and equal indignation fir'd:
Who at enormous villany turns pale,
And steers against it with a full-blown sail,
Like Aristophanes; let him but smile
On this my honest work, though writ in homely
style;

And if two lines or three in all the vein
Appear less drossy, read those lines again:
May they perform their author's just intent;
Glow in thy ears, and in thy breast ferment.
But from the reading of my book and me,
Be far, ye foes of virtuous poverty:
Who fortune's fault ¹⁷ upon the poor can throw,
Point at the tatter'd coat, and ragged shoe;
Lay nature's failings to their charge, and jeer
The dim weak eye-sight, when the mind is clear;
When thou thyself, thus insolent in state,
Art but, perhaps, some country-magistrate,
Whose power extends no further than to speak
Big on the bench, and scanty weights to break.

Him, also, for my censor I disdain,
Who thinks all science, as all virtue vain;

¹⁶ Eupolis and Cratinus, as also Aristophanes, mentioned afterwards, were all Athenian poets; who wrote that sort of comedy, which was called the 'Old Comedy,' where the people were named who were satirized by those authors.

¹⁷ The people of Rome, in the time of Persius, were apt to scorn the Grecian philosophers, particularly the Cynics and Stoics, who were the poorest of them.

Who counts geometry, and numbers, toys ;
And with his foot ¹⁸, the sacred dust destroys :
Whose pleasure is to see a strumpet tear
A cynic's beard, and lug him by the hair.
Such, all the morning, to the pleadings run ;
But when the business of the day is done,
On dice, and drink, and drabs, they spend the
afternoon.

18 Arithmetic and geometry were taught on floors, which were strewn with dust or sand; in which the numbers and diagrams were made and drawn, which they might strike out again.

PERSIUS.



SATIRE II

BY MR. DRYDEN.

ARGUMENT.

This Satire contains a most grave and philosophical argument, concerning prayers and wishes. Undoubtedly it gave occasion to Juvenal's tenth Satire, and both of them had their original from one of Plato's dialogues, called 'The Second Alcibiades.' Our author has introduced it with great mastery of art, by taking his rise from the birth-day of his friend; on which occasions, prayers were made, and sacrifices offered by the native. Persius, commending the purity of his friend's vows, descends to the impious and immoral requests of others. The Satire is divided into three parts: the first is the exordium to Macrinus, which the poet confines within the compass of four verses: the second relates to the matter of the prayers and vows, and an enumeration of those things, wherein men commonly sinned against right reason, and offended in their requests: the third part consists in showing the repugnances of those prayers and wishes to those of other men, and inconsistencies with themselves. He shows the original of these vows, and sharply inveighs against them: and lastly, not only corrects the false opinion of mankind concerning them, but gives the true doctrine of all addresses made to heaven; and how they may be made acceptable to the powers above, in excellent precepts, and more worthy of a christian than a heathen.

DEDICATED TO HIS FRIEND PLOTIUS MACRINUS,
ON HIS BIRTH-DAY.

LET this auspicious morning be express'd
With a white stone ¹, distinguish'd from the rest :
White as thy fame, and as thy honour clear ;
And let new joys attend on thy new-added year,
Indulge thy genius, and o'erflow thy soul,
Till thy wit sparkle like the cheerful bowl.
Pray ; for thy prayers the test of heav'n will bear ;
Nor need'st thou take the gods aside, to hear ;
While others, ev'n the mighty men of Rome,
Big swell'd with mischief, to the temples come ;
And in low murmurs, and with costly smoke,
Heaven's help, to prosper their black vows, invoke.
So boldly to the gods mankind reveal
What from each other they, for shame, conceal.
Give me good fame, ye powers, and make me just !
Thus much the rogue to public ears will trust :
In private then :—when wilt thou, mighty Jove,
My wealthy uncle from this world remove ?
Or—O thou thunderer's son, great Hercules ² !
That once thy bounteous deity would please
To guide my rake, upon the chinking sound
Of some vast treasure, hidden under ground !
O were my pupil fairly knock'd o' the head :
I should possess the' estate, if he were dead !
He's so far gone with rickets, and with evil,
That one small dose will send him to the devil.

¹ The Romans were used to mark their fortunate days, or any thing that luckily befel them, with a white stone, which they had from the island Creta ; and their unfortunate, with a coal.

² Hercules was thought to have the key and power of bestowing all hidden treasure.

This is my neighbour Neri^{us}'s third spouse,
Of whom in happy time he rids his house :
But my eternal wife !—grant heaven I may
Survive to see the fellow of this day !
Thus, that thou may'st the better bring about
Thy wishes, thou art wickedly devout :
In Tiber ducking thrice, by break of day,
To wash the' obscenities of night away³.
But prythee tell me, ('tis a small request)
With what ill thoughts of Jove art thou possess'd ?
Wouldst thou prefer him to some man ? suppose
I dip'd among the worst, and Stai^{us} chose ?
Which of the two would thy wise head declare
The trustier tutor to an orphan-heir ?
Or put it thus :—unfold to Stai^{us}, straight,
What to Jove's ear thou didst impart of late :
H'e'll stare, and, O good Jupiter ! will cry ;
Can'st thou indulge him in this villany !
And think'st thou Jove himself, with patience then
Can hear a prayer condemn'd by wicked men ?
That, void of care, he lolls supine in state,
And leaves his business to be done by fate ?
Because his thunder splits some burly tree,
And is not darted at thy house and thee ?
Or that his vengeance falls not at the time,
Just at the perpetration of thy crime ;
And makes thee a sad object of our eyes,
Fit for Ergenna's⁴ prayer and sacrifice ?

³ The ancients thought themselves tainted and polluted by night itself, as well as bad dreams in the night ; and therefore purified themselves by washing their heads and hands every morning ; which custom the Turks observe to this day.

⁴ When any one was thunderstruck, the soothsayer (who is here called Ergenna) immediately repaired to the place, to ex-
piate the displeasure of the gods, by sacrificing two sheep.

What well-fed offering to appease the god,
What powerful present to procure a nod,
Hast thou in store? what bribe hast thou prepar'd,
To pull him, thus unpunish'd, by the beard?

Our superstitions with our life begin :
The' obscene old grandam, or the next of kin,
The new-born infant from the cradle takes,
And first of spittle a lustration makes⁵ :
Then in the spawl her middle-finger dips,
Anoints the temples, forehead, and the lips,
Pretending force of magic to prevent,
By virtue of her nasty excrement.
Then dandles him with many a mutter'd pray'r
That heaven would make him some rich miser's heir,
Lucky to ladies ; and, in time, a king ;
Which to ensure, she adds a length of navel-string.
But no fond nurse is fit to make a pray'r :
And Jove, if Jove be wise, will never hear ;
Not though she prays in white, with lifted hands :
A body made of brass the crone demands
For her lov'd nursling, strung with nerves of wire,
Tough to the last, and with no toil to tire.
Unconscionable vows! which when we use,
We teach the gods in reason to refuse.
Suppose they were indulgent to thy wish :
Yet the fat entrails in the spacious dish
Would stop the grant : the very over-care,
And nauseous pomp, would hinder half the pray'r.
'Thou hop'st with sacrifice of oxen slain
To compass wealth, and bribe the god of gain,

⁵ The poet laughs at the superstitious ceremonies which the old women made use of in their lustration or purification days, when they named their children ; which was done on the eighth day to females, and on the ninth to males.

To give thee flocks and herds, with large increase;
Fool! to expect them from a bullock's grease!
And think'st, that when the fatten'd flames aspire,
Thou see'st the' accomplishment of thy desire!
Now, now, my bearded harvest gilds the plain, }
The scanty folds can scarce my sheep contain; }
And showers of gold come pouring in amain; }
Thus dreams the wretch, and vainly thus dreams on,
Till his lank purse declares his money gone.

Should I present thee with rare figur'd plate,
Or gold as rich in workmanship as weight;
O how thy rising heart would throb and beat,
And thy left side, with trembling pleasure, sweat!
Thou measur'st by thyself the powers divine;
Thy gods are burnish'd, gold and silver is their shrine;
Thy puny godlings of inferior race,
Whose humble statues are content with brass;
Should some of these, in visions purg'd from phlegm⁶,
Foretell events, or in a morning dream;
Ev'n those thou wouldst in veneration hold;
And, if not faces, give 'em beards of gold.

⁶ It was the opinion, both of Grecians and Romans, that the gods, in visions or dreams, often revealed to their favourites a cure for their diseases, and sometimes those of others. Thus Alexander dreamed of an herb, which cured Ptolemy. These gods were principally Apollo and Esculapius; but, in after-times, the same virtue and good-will was attributed to Isis and Osiris. Which brings to my remembrance an odd passage in Sir Thomas Brown's *Religio Medici*, or in his 'Vulgar Errors;' the sense whereof is, 'That we are beholden, for many of our discoveries in physic, to the courteous revelation of spirits.' By the expression of 'visions purg'd from phlegm,' our author means such dreams or visions, as proceed not from natural causes, or humours of the body; but such as are sent from heaven; and are, therefore, certain remedies.

The priests in temples, now no longer care
 For Saturn's brass⁷, or Numa's earthen ware⁸;
 Or vestal urns, in each religious rite:
 This wicked gold has put 'em all to flight.
 O souls, in whom no heavenly fire is found;
 Fat minds, and ever grovelling on the ground!
 We bring our manners to the bless'd abodes,
 And think what pleases us must please the gods.
 Of oil and Cassia one the' ingredients takes,
 And of the mixture a rich ointment makes;
 Another finds the way to dye in grain, [stain⁹;
 And makes Calabrian wool receive the Tyrian
 Or from the shells their orient treasure takes,
 Or for their golden ore in rivers rakes;
 Then melts the mass: all these are vanities!
 Yet still some profit from their pains may rise.
 But tell me, priest, if I may be so bold,
 What are the gods the better for this gold?

7 'For Saturn's brass,' &c. Brazen vessels, in which the public treasures of the Romans were kept. It may be, the poet meant only old vessels, which were called *Κρόνια*, from the Greek name of Saturn.

8 Under Numa, the second king of Rome, and for a long time after him, the holy vessels for sacrifice were of earthen ware, according to the superstitious rites which were introduced by the same Numa: though afterwards, when Memmius had taken Corinth, and Paulus Emilius had conquered Macedonia, luxury began amongst the Romans; and then their utensils of devotion were of gold and silver, &c.

9 The wool of Calabria was of the finest sort in Italy, as Juvenal also tells us. The Tyrian stain is the purple colour dyed at Tyrus; and I suppose (but dare not positively affirm) that the richest of that dye was nearest our crimson, and not scarlet; or that other colour more approaching to the blue. I have not room to justify my conjecture.

The wretch that offers from his wealthy store
 These presents, bribes the powers to give him more :
 As maids to Venus offer baby-toys ¹⁰,
 To bless the marriage-bed with girls and boys.
 But let us for the gods a gift prepare,
 Which the great man's great charges cannot bear :
 A soul, where laws, both human and divine,
 In practice more than speculation shine ;
 A genuine virtue, of a vigorous kind,
 Pure in the last recesses of the mind :
 When with such offerings to the gods I come ;
 A cake, thus given ¹¹, is worth a hecatomb !

¹⁰ Those baby-toys were little babies, or poppets, as we call them ; in Latin *pupæ* ; which the girls, when they came to the age of puberty or child-bearing, offered to Venus ; as the boys at fourteen or fifteen years of age offered their *bullæ*, or bosses.

¹¹ ' A cake thus given,' &c. A cake of barley, or coarse wheat-meal, with the bran in it : the meaning is, that god is pleased with the pure and spotless heart of the offerer ; and not with the riches of the offering. Laberius, in the fragments of his *Mimes*, has a verse like this :

Puras, Deus, non plenas aspicit manus—

What I had forgotten before in its due place, I must here tell the reader, that the first half of this Satire was translated by one of my sons, now in Italy ; but I thought so well of it, that I let it pass without any alteration.

PERSIUS.

SATIRE III.

BY MR. DRYDEN.

ARGUMENT.

Our author has made two Satires concerning study ; the first and the third. The first related to men ; this to young students whom he desired to be educated in the Stoic philosophy : he himself sustains the person of the master, or præceptor, in this admirable Satire, where he upbraids the youth of sloth, and negligence in learning. Yet he begins with one scholar reproaching his fellow-students with late rising to their books ; after which he takes upon him the other part of the teacher ; and addressing himself particularly to young noblemen, tells them, that by reason of their high birth, and the great possessions of their fathers, they are careless of adorning their minds with precepts of moral philosophy ; and withal inculcates to them the miseries which will attend them in the whole course of their life, if they do not apply themselves betimes to the knowledge of virtue, and the end of their creation ; which he pathetically insinuates to them. The title of this Satire, in some ancient manuscripts, was ‘ The Reproach of Idleness ;’ though, in others of the Scholiasts, it is inscribed, ‘ Against the Luxury and Vices of the Rich.’ In both of which, the intention of the poet is pursued ; but principally in the former.

(I remember I translated this Satire when I was a king’s scholar at Westminster-school, for a Thursday-night’s exercise ; and believe that it, and many other of my exercises of this nature, in English verse, are still in the hands of my learned master, the Rev. Doctor Busby.)

Is this thy daily course? the glaring sun
Breaks in at every chink: the cattle run
To shades, and noontide rays of summer shun,
Yet plung'd in sloth we lie; and snore supine,
As fill'd with fumes of undigested wine.

This grave advice some sober student bears;
And loudly rings it in his fellow's ears.
The yawning youth, scarce half awake, essays
His lazy limbs and dozy head to raise:
Then rubs his gummy eyes, and scrubs his pate;
And cries, 'I thought it had not been so late:
My clothes! make haste: why when!'—If none be
He mutters first, and then begins to swear: [near,
And brays aloud, with a more clamorous note
Than an Arcadian ass can stretch his throat.

With much ado, his book before him laid,
And parchment¹, with the smoother side display'd;
He takes the papers; lays 'em down again;
And with unwilling fingers tries the pen:
Some peevish quarrel straight he strives to pick;
His quill writes double, or his ink's too thick:
Infuse more water; now 'tis grown so thin
It sinks, nor can the characters be seen.

O wretch, and still more wretched every day!
Are mortals born to sleep their lives away?
Go back to what thy infancy began,
Thou who wert never meant to be a man:

The students used to write their notes on parchments: the inside, on which they wrote, was white; the other side was hairy, and commonly yellow. Quintilian reproves this custom, and advises rather table-books, lined with wax, and a style, like that we use in our vellum table-books, as more easy.

Eat pap and spoon-meat; for thy gewgaws cry :
 Be sullen, and refuse the lullaby.
 No more accuse thy pen; but charge the crime
 On native sloth, and negligence of time.
 Think'st thou thy master, or thy friends, to cheat ?
 Fool! 'tis thyself, and that's a worse deceit.
 Beware the public laughter of the town;
 Thou spring'st a leak already in thy crown.
 A flaw is in thy ill-bak'd vessel found;
 'Tis hollow, and returns a jarring sound.

Yet thy moist clay is pliant to command,
 Unwrought, and easy to the potter's hand :
 Now take the mold; now bend thy mind to feel
 The first sharp motions of the forming wheel.

But thou hast land; a country-seat, secure
 By a just title; costly furniture;
 A fuming-pan² thy lares to appease;
 What need of learning when a man's at ease?
 If this be not enough to swell thy soul,
 Then please thy pride, and search the herald's roll,
 Where thou shalt find thy famous pedigree
 Drawn from the root of some old Tuscan tree³; }
 And thou, a thousand off, a fool of long degree, }
 Who, clad in purple⁴, can'st thy censor greet;
 And loudly call him 'cousin,' in the street.

² Before eating, it was customary to cut off some part of the meat; which was first put into a pan, or little dish; then into the fire, as an offering to the household gods: this they called a libation.

³ The Tuscans were accounted of most ancient nobility. Horace observes this, in most of his compliments to Mæcenas, who was derived from the old kings of Tuscany, since the dominion of the great duke.

⁴ The Roman knights, attired in the robe called *trabea*,

Such pageantry be to the people shown ;
 There boast thy horse's trappings, and thy own :
 I know thee to thy bottom ; from within
 Thy shallow centre to the utmost skin :
 Dost thou not blush to live so like a beast,
 So trim, so dissolute, so loosely dress'd ?

But 'tis in vain :—The wretch is drench'd too deep ;
 His soul is stupid, and his heart asleep ;
 Fatten'd in vice ; so callous, and so gross,
 He sins, and sees not ; senseless of his loss.
 Down goes the wretch at once, unskill'd to swim,
 Hopeless to bubble up, and reach the water's brim.

Great father of the gods ! when, for our crimes,
 Thou send'st some heavy judgment on the times ;
 Some tyrant-king, the terror of his age,
 The type and true vicegerent of thy rage ;
 Thus punish him :—Set virtue in his sight,
 With all her charms adorn'd, with all her graces
 But set her distant, make him pale to see [bright ;
 His gains outweigh'd by lost felicity !

Sicilian tortures⁵, and the brazen bull,
 Are emblems, rather than express the full
 Of what he feels : yet what he fears, is more :—

were summoned by the censor to appear before him ; and to salute him in passing by, as their names were called over. They led their horses in their hand. See more of this in Pompey's Life, written by Plutarch.

⁵ Some of the Sicilian kings were so great tyrants, that the name is become proverbial. The brazen bull is a known story of Phalaris, one of those tyrants ; who when Perillus, a famous artist, had presented him with a bull of that metal hollowed within, which, when the condemned person was inclosed in it, would render the sound of a bull's roaring, caused the workman to make the first experiment. *Docuitque suum mugire Juvenum.*

The wretch⁶, who, sitting at his plenteous board,
Look'd up, and view'd on high the pointed sword
Hang o'er his head, and hanging by a twine,
Did with less dread, and more securely dine.
Ev'n in his sleep he starts, and fears the knife,
And, trembling, in his arms takes his accomplice-
wife;

Down, down he goes; and from his darling friend
Conceals the woes his guilty dreams portend.

When I was young, I, like a lazy fool,
Would blear my eyes with oil, to stay from school:
Averse from pains, and loth to learn the part
Of Cato, dying with a dauntless heart:
Though much my master that stern virtue prais'd,
Which o'er the vanquisher the vanquish'd rais'd:
And my pleas'd father came with pride to see
His boy defend the Roman liberty.

But then my study was to cog the dice,
And dextrously to throw the lucky sice;
To shun ames-ace, that swept my stakes away; }
And watch the box, for fear they should convey }
False bones, and put upon me in the play:
Careful, besides, the whirling top to whip,
And drive her giddy, till she fell asleep.

Thy years are ripe, nor art thou yet to learn
What's good or ill, and both their ends discern:

⁶ He alludes to the story of Damocles, a flatterer of one of those Sicilian tyrants, namely Dionysius. Damocles had infinitely extolled the happiness of kings. Dionysius, to convince him of the contrary, invited him to a feast, and clothed him in purple; but caused a sword, with the point downward, to be hung over his head by a silken twine; which, when he perceived, he could eat nothing of the delicacies that were set before him.

'Thou⁷ in the stoic-porch, severely bred,
Hast heard the dogmas of great Zeno read;
Where on the walls, by Polygnotus' hand⁸,
The conquer'd Medians in trunk-breeches stand.
Where the shorn youth to midnight lectures rise,
Rous'd from their slumbers, to be early wise:
Where the coarse cake, and homely husks of beans,
From pampering riot the young stomach weans;
And where the Samian Y⁹ directs thy steps to run
To virtue's narrow steep, and broad way vice to shun.
And yet thou snor'st; thou draw'st thy drunken
breath,

Sour with debauch; and sleep'st the sleep of death:
Thy chaps are fallen, and thy frame disjoin'd;
Thy body as dissolv'd as is thy mind.

Hast thou not, yet, propos'd some certain end,
To which thy life, thy every act may tend?
Hast thou no mark, at which to bend thy bow?
Or, like a boy, pursu'st the carrion crow
With pellets, and with stones, from tree to tree:
A fruitless toil, and liv'st extempore?

⁷ The Stoics taught their philosophy under a *Porticus*, to secure their scholars from the weather. Zeno was the chief of that sect.

⁸ Polygnotus, a famous painter, who drew the pictures of the Medes and Persians conquered by Miltiades, Themistocles, and other Athenian captains, on the walls of the Portico, in their natural habits.

⁹ Pythagoras of Samos made the allusion of the Y, or Greek *upsilon*, to vice and virtue. One side of the letter being broad, characters vice, to which the ascent is wide and easy; the other side represents virtue, to which the passage is straight and difficult: and perhaps our Saviour might also allude to this, in those noted words of the Evangelist, 'The way to Heaven,' &c.

Watch the disease in time : for, when within
 The dropsy rages and extends the skin,
 In vain for hellebore the patient cries,
 And fees the doctor ; but too late is wise :
 Too late, for cure, he proffers half his wealth ;
 Conquest and Gibbons cannot give him health.
 Learn, wretches, learn the motions of the mind,
 Why you were made, for what you were design'd ;
 And the great moral end of human kind. }
 Study thyself : what rank, or what degree,
 The wise Creator has ordain'd for thee :
 And all the offices of that estate
 Perform ; and with thy prudence guide thy fate.
 Pray justly, to be heard : nor more desire
 Than what the decencies of life require.
 Learn what thou ow'st thy country and thy friend ;
 What's requisite to spare, and what to spend :
 Learn this ; and after, envy not the store
 Of the greas'd advocate, that grinds the poor :
 Fat fees ¹⁰ from the defended Umbrian draws ;
 And only gains the wealthy client's cause :
 To whom the Marsians ¹¹ more provision send,
 Than he and all his family can spend.
 Gammons, that give a relish to the taste,
 And potted fowl, and fish come in so fast,
 That ere the first is out, the second stinks ;
 And mouldy mother gathers on the drinks.
 But, here, some captain of the land or fleet,
 Stout of his hands, but of a soldier's wit ;

¹⁰ Casaubon here notes, that among all the Romans, who were brought up to learning, few besides the orators, or lawyers, grew rich.

¹¹ The Marsians, or Umbrians, were the most plentiful of all the provinces of Italy.

Cries, ' I have sense to serve my turn, in store ;
And he's a rascal who pretends to more.
Damme, whate'er those book-learn'd blockheads
Solon's the veriest fool in all the play, [say,
Top-heavy drones, and always looking down,
(As over-ballasted within the crown)

Muttering betwixt their lips some mystic thing,
Which, well examin'd, is flat conjuring ;
Mere madmens' dreams. For what the schools
have taught

Is only this,—that nothing can be brought
From nothing ; and, what is, can ne'er be turn'd to
nought.

Is it for this they study ? to grow pale,
And miss the pleasures of a glorious meal ?
For this, in rags accouter'd, are they seen,
And made the may-game of the public spleen ?

Proceed, my friend, and rail : but hear me tell
A story, which is just thy parallel.

A spark, like thee, of the man-killing trade,
Fell sick ; and thus to his physician said :—

' Methinks I am not right in every part ;
I feel a kind of trembling at my heart :
My pulse unequal, and my breath is strong ;
Besides a filthy fur upon my tongue.'

The doctor heard him, exercis'd his skill ;
And after,—bid him for four days be still.

Three days he took good counsel, and began
To mend, and look like a recovering man :

The fourth, he could not hold from drink ; but sends
His boy to one of his old trusty friends ;
Adjuring him, by all the powers divine,
To pity his distress, who could not dine
Without a flagon of his healing wine.

He drinks a swilling draught; and, lin'd within,
 Will supple, in the bath, his outward skin :
 Whom should he find but his physician there,
 Who, wisely, bade him once again beware.
 ' Sir, you look wan, you hardly draw your breath;
 Drinking is dangerous, and the bath is death.'
 ' 'Tis nothing;' says the fool : but says the friend,
 ' This nothing, sir, will bring you to your end.
 Do I not see your dropsy belly swell?
 Your yellow skin?'—' No more of that; I'm well.
 I have already buried two or three,
 That stood betwixt a fair estate and me; }
 And, doctor, I may live to bury thee. }
 ' Thou tell'st me, I look ill; and thou look'st worse.'
 ' I've done,' says the physician, ' take your course.'
 The laughing sot, like all unthinking men,
 Bathes and gets drunk; then bathes and drinks again:
 His throat half throttled with corrupted phlegm,
 And breathing through his jaws a belching steam;
 Amidst his cups with fainting shivering seiz'd,
 His limbs disjointed, and all o'er diseas'd,
 His hand refuses to sustain the bowl; }
 And his teeth chatter, and his eyeballs roll : }
 Till, with his meat, he vomits out his soul. }
 ' Then trumpets, torches, and a tedious crew
 Of hireling mourners, for his funeral due.
 Our dear departed brother lies in state,
 His heels stretch'd out, and pointing to the gate ¹²; }
 And slaves, now manumiz'd, on their dead master }
 wait :

¹² The Romans were buried without the city; for which reason the poet says, that the dead man's heels were stretched out towards the gate.

They hoist him on the bier, and deal the dole;
And there's an end of a luxurious fool.

'But what's thy fulsome parable to me?

My body is from all diseases free:

My temperate pulse does regularly beat;

Feel, and be satisfied, my hands and feet;

These are not cold, nor those oppress'd with
heat:

Or lay thy hand upon my naked heart,

And thou shalt find me hale in every part.'

I grant this true: but still the deadly wound

Is in thy soul; 'tis there thou art not sound.

Say, when thou seest a heap of tempting gold,

Or a more tempting harlot dost behold;

Then, when she casts on thee a side-long glance,

Then try thy heart, and tell me if it dance.

Some coarse cold sallad is before thee set;

Bread with the bran, perhaps, and broken meat;

Fall on, and try thy appetite to eat.

These are not dishes for thy dainty tooth:

What, hast thou got an ulcer in thy mouth;

Why stand'st thou picking? Is thy palate sore?

That beet and radishes will make thee roar?

Such is the' unequal temper of thy mind;

Thy passions, in extremes, and unconfin'd:

Thy hair so bristles with unmanly fears,

As fields of corn, that rise in bearded ears;

And, when thy cheeks with flushing fury glow,

The rage of boiling caldrons is more slow;

When fed with fuel and with flames below.

With foam upon thy lips and sparkling eyes,

Thou say'st, and dost, in such outrageous wise;

That mad Orestes ¹³, if he saw the show,
Would swear thou wert the madder of the two.

¹³ Orestes was son to Agamemnon and Clytemnestra. Agamemnon, at his return from the Trojan wars, was slain by Ægisthus, the adulterer of Clytemnestra. Orestes, to revenge his father's death, slew both Ægisthus and his mother: for which he was punished with madness, by the Eumenides, or Furies, who continually haunted him.

PERSIUS.

SATIRE IV.

BY MR. DRYDEN.

ARGUMENT.

Our author, living in the time of Nero, was contemporary and friend to the noble poet Lucan : both of them were sufficiently sensible, with all good men, how unskilfully he managed the commonwealth ; and perhaps might guess at his future tyranny, by some passages during the latter part of his first five years : though he broke not out into his great excesses, while he was restrained by the counsels and authority of Seneca. Lucan has not spared him in the poem of his *Pharsalia* : for his very compliment looked askint, as well as Nero. Persius has been bolder, but with caution likewise : for here, in the person of young Alcibiades, he arraigns his ambition of meddling with state affairs, without judgment or experience. It is probable that he makes Seneca, in this Satire, sustain the part of Socrates, under a borrowed name : and, withal, discovers some secret vices of Nero, concerning his lust, his drunkenness, and his effeminacy, which had not yet arrived to public notice. He also reprehends the flattery of his courtiers, who endeavoured to make all his vices pass for virtues. Covetousness was undoubtedly none of his faults ; but it is here described as a veil cast over the true meaning of the poet, which was to satirize his prodigality and voluptuousness ; to which he makes a transition. I find no instance, in history, of that emperor's being a pathic ; though Persius seems to brand him with it. From the two dialogues of Plato, both called '*Alcibiades*,' the poet took the arguments of the Second and

Third Satire; but he inverted the order of them: for the Third Satire is taken from the first of those dialogues.

The commentators before Casaubon were ignorant of our author's secret meaning; and thought he had only written against young noblemen, in general, who were too forward in aspiring to public magistracy. But this excellent Scholiast has unravelled the whole mystery; and made it apparent, that the sting of this Satire was particularly aimed at Nero.

WHOE'ER thou art, whose forward years are bent
On state-affairs, to guide the government;
Hear, first, what Socrates of old has said¹
To the lov'd youth, whom he at Athens bred.

Tell me, thou pupil to great Pericles²,
Our second hope, my Alcibiades;
What are the grounds, from whence thou dost
To undertake, so young, so vast a care? [prepare
Perhaps thy wit? (A chance not often heard,
That parts and prudence should prevent the beard:)
'Tis seldom seen, that senators so young
Know when to speak and when to hold their tongue.
Sure thou art born to some peculiar fate;
When the mad people rise against the state,

¹ Socrates, whom the oracle of Delphos praised as the wisest man of his age, lived in the time of the Peloponnesian war. He, finding the uncertainty of natural philosophy, applied himself wholly to the moral. He was master to Xenophon and Plato, and to many of the Athenian young noblemen: among the rest, to Alcibiades, the most lovely youth then living; afterwards a famous captain, whose life is written by Plutarch.

² Pericles was tutor, or rather overseer of the will of Clinias, father to Alcibiades. While Pericles lived, who was a wise man, and an excellent orator, as well as a great general, the Athenians had the better of the war.

To look them into duty : and command
 An awful silence with thy lifted hand.
 Then to bespeak 'em thus : ' Athenians ! know
 Against right reason all your counsels go :
 This is not fair, nor profitable that ;
 Nor t'other, question proper for debate.
 But thou, no doubt, can'st set the business right,
 And give each argument its proper weight :
 Know'st, with an equal hand, to hold the scale ; }
 Seest where the reasons pinch, and where they fail, }
 And where exceptions o'er the general rule prevail. }
 And, taught by inspiration, in a trice,
 Can'st punish crimes³, and brand offending vice.

Leave, leave to fathom such high points as these,
 Nor be ambitious the time to please :
 Unseasonably wise, till age and cares
 Have form'd thy soul, to manage great affairs.
 Thy face, thy shape, thy outside, are but vain ; }
 Thou hast not strength such labours to sustain : }
 Drink hellebore⁴, my boy, drink deep and purge }
 thy brain. }

What aim'st thou at, and whither tends thy care, }
 In what thy utmost good ? Delicious fare : }
 And, then, to sun thyself in open air. }

3 ' Can'st punish crimes,' &c. That is, by death. When the judges would condemn a malefactor, they cast their votes into an urn ; as, according to the modern custom, a balloting-box. If the suffrages were marked with Θ, they signified the sentence of death to the offender : as being the first letter of Θάνατος, which in English is death.

4 ' Drink hellebore,' &c. The poet would say, that such an ignorant young man, as he here describes, is fitter to be governed himself, than to govern others : he therefore advises him to drink hellebore, which purges the brain.

Hold, hold; are all thy empty wishes such?
A good old woman would have said as much.
But thou art nobly born: 'tis true; go boast
Thy pedigree, the thing thou valuest most.
Besides, thou art a beau: what's that, my child?
A fop well dress'd, extravagant and wild:
She, that cries herbs, has less impertinence;
And, in her calling, more of common sense.

None, none descends into himself, to find
The secret imperfections of his mind:
But every one is eagle-eyed, to see
Another's faults, and his deformity.
Say, dost thou know Vectidius⁵?—Who: the wretch
Whose lands beyond the Sabines largely stretch;
Cover the country, that a sailing kite
Can scarce o'erfly 'em in a day and night;
Him dost thou mean, who, spite of all his store,
Is ever craving, and will still be poor?
Who cheats for halfpence, and who doffs his coat
To save a farthing in a ferry-boat?
Ever a glutton, at another's cost;
But in whose kitchen dwells perpetual frost?
Who eats and drinks with his domestic slaves;
A verier hind than any of his knaves?
Born with the curse and anger of the gods,
And that indulgent genius he defrauds?
At harvest-home, and on the sheering day,
When he should thanks⁶ to Pan and Pales pay,

⁵ ' Say, dost thou know Vectidius,' &c. is here used appellatively to signify any rich covetous man; though perhaps there might be a man of that name then living. I have translated this passage paraphrastically, and loosely; and leave it for those to look on, who are not unlike the picture.

⁶ Pan the god of shepherds, and Pales the goddess presiding

And better Ceres ; trembling to approach
 The little barrel, which he fears to broach :
 He 'says the wimble, often draws it back,
 And deals to thirsty servants but a smack.

To a short meal he makes a tedious grace,
 Before the barley-pudding comes in place ;
 Then bids fall on : himself, for saving charges,
 A peel'd slic'd onion eats, and tipples verjuice.

Thus fares the drudge : but thou, whose life's a
 Of lazy pleasures, tak'st a worse extreme. [dream

'Tis all thy bus'ness, bus'ness how to shun ;
 To bask thy naked body in the sun ;
 Suppling thy stiffen'd joints with fragrant oil :

Then, in thy spacious garden, walk awhile,
 To suck the moisture up, and soak it in :

And this, thou think'st, but vainly think'st, unseen.

But, know, thou art observ'd : and there are those
 Who, if they durst, would all thy secret sins expose.

The depilation of thy modest part ;

Thy catamite, the darling of thy heart,

His engine-hand, and every lewder art.

}
}

When prone to bear, and patient to receive,

Thou tak'st the pleasure which thou canst not give.

With odorous oil thy head and hair are sleek ;

And then thou kemb'st the tuzzes on thy cheek :

Of these thy barbers take a costly care,

While thy salt tail is overgrown with hair.

Not all thy pincers, nor unmanly arts,

Can smoothe the roughness of thy shameful parts.

over rural affairs, whom Virgil invokes in the beginning of his Second Georgic. I give the epithet of better to Ceres, because she first taught the use of corn for bread, as the poets tell us : men, in the first rude ages, feeding only on acorns, or mast, instead of bread.

Not five 7, the strongest that the circus breeds,
 From the rank soil can root those wicked weeds :
 Though suppl'd first with soap, to ease thy pain,
 The stubborn fern springs up, and sprouts again.

Thus others we with defamations wound,
 While they stab us ; and so the jest goes round.
 Vain are thy hopes to 'scape censorious eyes,
 Truth will appear through all the thin disguise :
 Thou hast an ulcer which no leech can heal,
 Though thy broad shoulder-belt the wound conceal.
 Say thou art sound and hale in every part,
 We know, we know thee, rotten at thy heart.
 We know thee sullen, impotent, and proud ;
 Nor canst thou cheat thy nerve, who cheat'st the
 crowd.

But when they praise me in the neighbourhood ;
 When the pleas'd people take me for a god ;
 Shall I refuse their incense? not receive
 The loud applauses which the vulgar give?

If thou dost wealth, with longing eyes, behold ;
 And, greedily, art gaping after gold ;

7 The learned Holiday (who has made us amends for his bad poetry in this and the rest of these Satires, with his excellent illustrations) here tells us from good authority, that the number five alludes to five strong men, such as were skilful in the five robust exercises, then in practice at Rome; and were performed in the circus or public place ordained for them. These five he reckons up in this manner: First.—The *cæstus*, or whirlbat, described by Virgil in his Fifth *Æneid*; and this was the most dangerous of all the rest. The second was the foot-race. The third the *discus*, like the throwing a weighty ball; a sport now used in Cornwall, and other parts of England; we may see it daily practised in Red-lion-fields. The fourth was the *saltus*, or leaping: and the fifth wrestling naked, and besmeared with oil. They who were practised in these five manly exercises were called *Πενταθλον*.

If some alluring girl, in gliding by,
Shall tip the wink, with a lascivious eye,
And thou, with a consenting glance, reply;
If thou thy own solicitor become,
And bid'st arise the lumpish pendulum:
If thy lewd lust provokes an empty storm,
And prompts to more than nature can perform;
If, with thy guards⁸, thou scour'st the streets by
night,
And dost in murders, rapes, and spoils delight;
Please not thyself, the flattering crowd to hear;
'Tis fulsome stuff, to feed thy itching ear.
Reject the nauseous praises of the times;
Give thy base poets back their cobbled rhymes:
Survey thy soul⁹, not what thou dost appear,
But what thou art; and find the beggar there.

⁸ Persius durst not have been so bold with Nero as I dare now; and therefore there is only an intimation of that in him which I publicly speak: I mean of Nero's walking in the streets by night in disguise, and committing all sorts of outrages; for which he was sometimes well beaten.

⁹ 'Survey thy soul,' &c. That is, look into thyself, and examine thy own conscience; there thou shalt find, that how wealthy soever thou appearest to the world, yet thou art but a beggar; because thou art destitute of all virtues, which are the riches of the soul. This also was a paradox of the Stoic school.

PERSIUS.

SATIRE V.

BY MR. DRYDEN.

ARGUMENT.

The judicious Casaubon, in his proëm to this Satire, tells us, that Aristophanes the grammarian being asked, what poem of Archilochus's iambics he preferred before the rest? answered, the longest. His answer may justly be applied to this Fifth Satire; which, being of a greater length than any of the rest, is also, by far, the most instructive. For this reason I have selected it from all the others, and inscribed it to my learned master, Dr. Busby; to whom I am not only obliged myself for the best part of my own education, and that of my two sons; but have also received from him the first and truest taste of Persius. May he be pleased to find in this translation, the gratitude, or at least some small acknowledgment, of his unworthy scholar; at the distance of twenty-four years from the time when I departed from under his tuition.

This Satire consists of two distinct parts. The first contains the praises of the Stoic philosopher Cornutus, master and tutor to our Persius. It also declares the love and piety of Persius to his well-deserving master; and the mutual friendship which continued betwixt them, after Persius was now grown a man: as also his exhortation to young noblemen, that they would enter themselves into his institution. From hence he makes an artful transition into the second part of his subject: wherein he first complains of the sloth of scholars, and afterwards persuades them to the pursuit of their true liberty,

Here our author excellently treats that paradox of the Stoics, which affirms, that the wise or virtuous man is only free; and that all vicious men are naturally slaves: and, in the illustration of this dogma, he takes up the remaining part of this inimitable Satire.

INSCRIBED TO THE

REV. DR. BUSBY.

THE SPEAKERS PERSIUS AND CORNUTUS.

Persius.

OF ancient use to poets it belongs
To wish themselves an hundred mouths and tongues:
Whether to the well-lung'd tragedian's rage
They recommend their labours of the stage;
Or sing the Parthian, when transfix'd he lies,
Wrenching the Roman javelin from his thighs.

Corn. And why wouldst thou these mighty morsels choose,

Of words unchew'd, and fit to choke the muse?
Let fustian poets with their stuff be gone,
And suck the mists that hang o'er Helicon;
When Progne's¹ or Thyestes'² feast they write;
And, for the mouthing actor, verse indite.

¹ Progne was wife to Tereus, king of Thracia: Tereus fell in love with Philomela, sister to Progne, ravished her, and cut out her tongue: in revenge of which, Progne killed Itys, her own son by Tereus, and served him up at a feast, to be eaten by his father!

² Thyestes and Atreus were brothers, both kings: Atreus, to revenge himself of his unnatural brother, killed the sons of Thyestes, and invited him to eat them!

Thou neither, like a bellows, swell'st thy face,
 As if thou wert to blow the burning mass
 Of melting ore; nor canst thou strain thy throat,
 Or murmur in an undistinguish'd note;
 Like rolling thunder till it breaks the cloud;
 And rattling nonsense is discharg'd aloud.
 Soft elocution does thy style renown,
 And the sweet accents of the peaceful gown:
 Gentle or sharp, according to thy choice,
 To laugh at follies, or to lash at vice.
 Hence draw thy theme, and to the stage permit
 Rawhead and bloodybones, and hands and feet,
 Ragouts for Tereus or Thyestes dress'd;
 'Tis task enough for thee to' expose a Roman feast.

Pers. 'Tis not, indeed, my talent to engage
 In lofty trifles, or to swell my page
 With wind and noise; but freely to impart,
 As to a friend, the secrets of my heart;
 And, in familiar speech, to let thee know
 How much I love thee, and how much I owe.
 Knock on my heart: for thou hast skill to find
 If it sound solid, or be fill'd with wind;
 And, through the veil of words, thou view'st the
 naked mind. }

For this a hundred voices I desire,
 To tell thee what a hundred tongues would tire;
 Yet never could be worthily express'd,
 How deeply thou art seated in my breast.
 When first my childish robe³ resign'd the charge,
 And left me, unconfin'd, to live at large;

³ By the childish robe is meant the *prætextæ*, or first gowns which the Roman children of quality wore: these were welled

When now my golden bulla (hung on high
 To household gods) declar'd me past a boy ;
 And my white shield ⁴ proclaim'd my liberty ;
 When, with my wild companions, I could roll
 From street to street, and sin without control ;
 Just at that age, when manhood set me free,
 I then depos'd myself, and left the reins to thee.
 On thy wise bosom I repos'd my head,
 And, by my better Socrates ⁵, was bred.
 Then thy straight rule set virtue in my sight,
 The crooked line reforming by the right.
 My reason took the bent of thy command,
 Was form'd and polish'd by thy skilful hand :
 Long summer-days thy precepts I rehearse ;
 And winter-nights were short in our converse :
 One was our labour, one was our repose,
 One frugal supper did our studies close.

Sure on our birth some friendly planet shone ;
 And, as our souls, our horoscope was one ⁶ :
 Whether the mounting Twins ⁷ did heaven adorn,
 Or, with the rising Balance ⁸ we were born ;

with purple; and on those welts were fastened the *bullæ*, or little bells; which when they came to the age of puberty were hung up, and consecrated to the lares, or household gods.

⁴ The first shields which the Roman youths wore were white, and without any impress or device on them; to show they had yet achieved nothing in the wars.

⁵ Socrates, by the oracle, was declared to be the wisest of mankind: he instructed many of the Athenian young noblemen in morality, and amongst the rest Alcibiades.

⁶ Astrologers divide the heaven into twelve parts, according to the number of the twelve signs of the zodiac. The sign or constellation which rises in the east, at the birth of any man, is called the ascendant: Persius therefore judges, that Cornutus and he had the same, or a like nativity.

⁷ The sign of Gemini.

⁸ The sign of Libra.

Both have the same impressions from above ;
 And both have Saturn's ⁹ rage, repell'd by Jove.
 What star I know not, but some star, I find,
 Has given thee an ascendant o'er my mind.

Corn. Nature is ever various in her frame:
 Each has a different will, and few the same.
 The greedy merchants, led by lucre, run
 To the parch'd Indies, and the rising sun;
 From thence hot pepper, and rich drugs they bear,
 Bartering for spices their Italian ware.
 The lazy glutton safe at home will keep,
 Indulge his sloth, and batten with his sleep :
 One bribes for high preferments in the state,
 A second shakes the box, and sits up late ;
 Another shakes the bed, dissolving there,
 Till knots upon his gouty joint appear,
 And chalk is in his crippled fingers found; [ground;
 Rots like a doddard oak, and piecemeal falls to
 Then, his lewd follies he would late repent,
 And his past years, that in a mist were spent.

Pers. But thou art pale, in nightl^y studies, grown,
 To make the Stoic institutes ¹⁰ thy own :
 Thou long with studious care hast till'd our youth,
 And sown our well-purg'd ears with wholesome
 truth.

From thee both old and young, with profit, learn }
 The bounds of good and evil to discern. }

Corn. Unhappy he who does this work adjourn, }

⁹ Astrologers have an axiom, that whatsoever Saturn ties is loosed by Jupiter. They account Saturn to be a planet of a malevolent nature, and Jupiter of a propitious influence.

¹⁰ Zeno was the great master of the Stoic philosophy ; and Cleanthes was second to him in reputation : Cornutus, who was master or tutor to Persius, was of the same school.

And to to-morrow would the search delay :
His lazy morrow will be like to-day.

Pers. But is one day of ease too much to borrow ?

Corn. Yes, sure : for yesterday was once to-mor-
That yesterday is gone, and nothing gain'd ; [row.
And all thy fruitless days will thus be drain'd :
For thou hast more to-morrows yet to ask,
And wilt be ever to begin thy task ;
Who, like the hindmost chariot-wheels, art curst,
Still to be near, but ne'er to reach the first.
O freedom ! first delight of human kind !
Not that which bondmen from their masters find,
The privilege of doles ¹¹ : not yet to' inscribe
Their names in this or t'other Roman tribe ¹² :
That false enfranchisement with ease is found ;
Slaves are made citizens by turning round ¹³.
How, replies one, can any be more free ?
Here's Dama, once a groom of low degree,
Not worth a farthing, and a sot beside ;
So true a rogue, for lying's sake he lied :
But, with a turn, a freeman he became ;
Now Marcus Dama ¹⁴ is his worship's name.

¹¹ When a slave was made free, he had the privilege of a Roman born ; which was to have a share in the donatives or doles of bread, &c., which were distributed by the magistrates amongst the people.

¹² The Roman people was distributed into several tribes. He who was made free was enrolled into some one of them, and thereupon enjoyed the common privileges of a Roman citizen.

¹³ The master who intended to enfranchise a slave carried him before the city prætor, and turned him round, using these words : ' I will that this man be free.'

¹⁴ Slaves had only one name before their freedom : after it, they were admitted to a prænomen, like our Christian names : so Dama is now called Marcus Dama.

Good gods! who would refuse to lend a sum,
 If wealthy Marcus surety will become?
 Marcus is made a judge, and for a proof
 Of certain truth, 'He said it,' is enough.
 A will is to be prov'd; put in your claim;
 'Tis clear, if Marcus has subscrib'd his name ¹⁵.

This is true liberty ¹⁶, as I believe;
 What can we further from our caps receive,
 Than, as we please, without control to live? }
 Not more to noble Brutus ¹⁷ could belong.
 Hold, says the Stoic, your assumption's wrong:
 I grant true freedom you have well defin'd: }
 But, living as you list, and to your mind,
 And loosely tack'd, all must be left behind. }
 What, since the prætor did my fetters loose,
 And left me freely at my own dispose,
 May I not live without control and awe,
 Excepting still the letter of the law ¹⁸?

Hear me with patience, while thy mind I free
 From those fond notions of false liberty:
 'Tis not the prætor's province to bestow }
 True freedom; nor to teach mankind to know. }
 What to ourselves, or to our friends, we owe. }
 He could not set thee free from cares and strife,
 Nor give the reins to a lewd vicious life:

¹⁵ At the proof of a testament, the magistrates were to subscribe their names, as allowing the legality of the will.

¹⁶ Slaves, when they were set free, had a cap given them in sign of their liberty.

¹⁷ Brutus freed the Roman people from the tyranny of the Tarquins, and changed the form of the government into a glorious commonwealth.

¹⁸ The text of the Roman laws was written in red letters, which was called the rubric; translated here, in more general words, 'the letter of the law.'

As well he for an ass a harp might string,
 Which is against the reason of the thing;
 For reason still is whispering in your ear,
 Where you are sure to fail, the' attempt forbear.
 No need of public sanctions this to bind,
 Which nature has implanted in the mind: [sign'd. }
 Not to pursue the work, to which we're not de- }
 Unskill'd in hellebore, if thou shouldst try }
 To mix it, and mistake the quantity; }
 The rules of physic would against thee cry. }
 The high-shoe'd ploughman, should he quit the }
 To take the pilot's rudder in his hand, [land, }
 Artless of stars, and of the moving sand; }
 The gods would leave him to the waves and wind,
 And think all shame was lost in human kind.

Tell me, my friend, from whence hadst thou the
 So nicely to distinguish good from ill? [skill,
 Or by the sound to judge of gold and brass;
 What piece is tinker's metal, what will pass?
 And what thou art to follow, what to fly;
 This to condemn and that to ratify?
 When to be bountiful, and when to spare;
 But never craving, or oppress'd with care?
 The baits of gifts, and money to despise,
 And look on wealth with undesiring eyes?
 When thou canst truly call these virtues thine,
 Be wise and free, by heaven's consent, and mine!

But thou, who lately of the common strain
 Wert one of us; if still thou dost retain
 The same ill habits, the same follies too,
 Gloss'd over only with a saint-like show;
 Then I resume the freedom which I gave,
 Still thou art bound to vice, and still a slave.

Thou canst not wag thy finger, or begin
The least light motion, but it tends to sin.

‘How’s this? Not wag my finger?’ he replies. }
No, friend; nor fuming gums, nor sacrifice,
Can ever make a madman free, or wise. }

Virtue and vice are never in one soul 19:
A man is wholly wise, or wholly is a fool.
A heavy bumpkin, taught with daily care,
Can never dance three steps with a becoming air.

Pers. In spite of this, my freedom still remains.

Corn. Free! what; and fetter’d with so many
Canst thou no other master understand [chains?
’Than him that freed thee by the prætor’s wand 20?
Should he, who was thy lord, command thee now,
With a harsh voice, and supercilious brow,
To servile duties, thou wouldst fear no more;
The gallows and the whip are out of door.
But if thy passions lord it in thy breast,
Art thou not still a slave, and still oppress’d?
Whether alone, or in thy harlot’s lap,
When thou wouldst take a lazy morning’s nap;
Up, up, says Avarice; thou snor’st again,
Stretchest thy limbs, and yawn’st, but all in vain:
The tyrant lucre no denial takes;
At his command the’ unwilling sluggard wakes:
‘What must I do?’ he cries: ‘What?’ says his lord,
‘Why rise, make ready, and go straight aboard:

19 The Stoics held this paradox, that any one vice, or notorious folly, which they called madness, hindered a man from being virtuous: that a man was of a piece, without a mixture, either wholly vicious or good; one virtue or vice, according to them, including all the rest.

20 The prætor held a wand in his hand, with which he softly struck the slave on the head when he declared him free.

With fish, from Euxine seas, thy vessel freight ;
Flax, castor, Coan wines, the precious weight
Of pepper, and Sabæan incense, take
With thy own hands, from the tir'd camel's back ; }
And with post-haste thy running markets make. }
Be sure to turn the penny ; lie and swear ;
'Tis wholesome sin : but Jove, thou say'st, will hear :
Swear, fool, or starve : for the dilemma's even :
A tradesman thou ! and hope to go to Heaven ?

Resolv'd for sea, the slaves thy baggage pack,
Each saddled with his burden on his back :
Nothing retards thy voyage now, unless
Thy other lord forbids, Voluptuousness :
And he may ask this civil question : Friend,
What dost thou make a-shipboard ? to what end ?
Art thou of Bethlem's noble college free ?
Stark, staring mad, that thou wouldst tempt the sea ?
Cub'd in a cabin, on a mattress laid,
On a brown George, with lowsy swobbers fed ;
Dead wine, that stinks of the Borrachio, sup
From a foul jack, or greasy maple-cup ?
Say, wouldst thou bear all this, to raise thy store
From six i' th' hundred, to six hundred more ?
Indulge, and to thy genius freely give :
For, not to live at ease, is not to live :
Death stalks behind thee, and each flying hour
Does some loose remnant of thy life devour.
Live, while thou liv'st ; for death will make us all
A name, a nothing but an old wife's tale.

Speak ; wilt thou avarice, or pleasure, choose
To be thy Lord ? Take one, and one refuse.
But both, by turns, the rule of thee will have ;
And thou, betwixt 'em both, wilt be a slave.

Nor think when once thou hast resisted one,
That all thy marks of servitude are gone :
The struggling greyhound gnaws his leash in vain,
If, when 'tis broken, still he drags the chain.

Says Phædria ²¹ to his man, ' Believe me, friend,
To this uneasy love I'll put an end :
Shall I run out of all? My friends disgrace,
And be the first lewd unthrift of my race?
Shall I the neighbours' nightly rest invade
At her deaf doors, with some vile serenade?'
' Well hast thou freed thyself;' his man replies,
' Go, thank the gods, and offer sacrifice.'
' Ah!' says the youth, ' if we unkindly part,
Will not the poor fond creature break her heart?'
' Weak soul! and blindly to destruction led :
She break her heart! she'll sooner break your head.
She knows her man, and when you rant and swear,
Can draw you to her, with a single hair.'
' But shall I not return? Now, when she sues,
Shall I my own, and her desires refuse?'
' Sir, take your course; but my advice is plain :
Once freed, 'tis madness to resume your chain.'

Ay; there's the man, who, loos'd from lust and
pelf,
Less to the prætor owes than to himself.
But write him down a slave, who, humbly proud,
With presents begs preferments from the crowd ;

²¹ This alludes to the play of Terence, called the ' Eunuch,' which was excellently imitated of late in English, by Sir Charles Sedley. In the first scene of that comedy, Phædria was introduced with his man Pamphilus, discoursing whether he should leave his mistress Thais, or return to her, now that she had invited him.

That early suppliant who salutes the tribes ²²,
And sets the mob to scramble for his bribes :
That some old dotard, sitting in the sun,
On holy-days may tell, that such a feat was done :
In future times this will be counted rare.

Thy superstition too may claim a share :
When flowers are strew'd, and lamps in order plac'd,
And windows with illuminations grac'd,
On Herod's day ²³ ; when sparkling bowls go round,
And tunny's tails in savoury sauce are drown'd,
Thou mutter'st prayers obscene; nor dost refuse
The fasts and sabbaths of the curtail'd Jews.
Then a crack'd egg-shell thy sick fancy frights ²⁴,
Besides the childish fear of walking sprites.

22 He who sued for any office amongst the Romans, was called a candidate, because he wore 'a white gown,' and sometimes chalked it, to make it appear whiter. He rose early, and went to the levees of those who headed the people : saluted also the tribes severally, when they were gathered together, to choose their magistrates ; and distributed a largess amongst them, to engage them for their voices : much resembling our elections of parliament-men.

23 The Commentators are divided what Herod this was whom our author mentions ; whether Herod the Great, whose birth-day might be celebrated after his death by the Herodians ; a sect among the Jews, who thought him their Messiah ; or, whether Herod Agrippa, living in the author's time, and after it. The latter seems the more probable opinion.

24 The ancients had a superstition, contrary to ours, concerning egg-shells. They thought, that if an egg-shell were cracked, or a hole bored in the bottom of it, they were subject to the power of sorcery. We, as vainly, break the bottom of an egg-shell, and cross it, when we have eaten the egg ; lest some hag should make use of it, in bewitching us, or sailing over the sea in it, if it were whole.

The rest of the priests of Isis, and her one-eyed or squinting priestess, is more largely treated in the sixth Satire of Juvenal, where the superstitions of women are related.

Of o'er-grown gelding priests thou art afraid ;
The timbrel and the squintifego maid
Of Isis awe thee : lest the gods for sin
Should, with a swelling dropsy, stuff thy skin :
Unless three garlic heads the curse avert,
Eaten each morn, devoutly, next thy heart.

Preach this among the brawny guards, say'st thou,
And see if they thy doctrine will allow :
The dull fat captain, with a hound's deep throat,
Wou'd bellow out a laugh in a base note ;
And prize a hundred Zenos just as much
As a clip'd sixpence, or a schilling Dutch.

PERSIUS.



SATIRE VI.

BY MR. DRYDEN.

ARGUMENT.

This sixth Satire treats an admirable common-place of moral philosophy, of the true use of riches. They are certainly intended by the Power who bestows them, as instruments and helps of living commodiously ourselves; and of administering to the wants of others, who are oppressed by fortune. There are two extremes in the opinions of men concerning them. One error, though on the right-hand, yet a great one, is, 'that they are no helps to a virtuous life; the other places all our happiness in the acquisition and possession of them; and this is, undoubtedly, the worse extreme.' The mean betwixt these, is the opinion of the Stoics; which is, that riches may be useful to the leading a virtuous life; in case we rightly understand how to give according to right reason; and how to receive what is given us by others. The virtue of giving well is called liberality: and it is of this virtue that Persius writes in this Satire; wherein he not only shows the lawful use of riches, but also sharply inveighs against the vices which are opposed to it; and especially of those which consist in the defects of giving or spending, or in the abuse of riches. He writes to Cæsius Bassus his friend, and a poet also; inquires first of his health and studies; and afterwards informs him of his own, and where he is now resident. He gives an account of himself, that he is endeavouring by little and little to wear off his vices; and particularly, that he is combating ambition, and the desire of wealth. He dwells

upon the latter vice : and being sensible that few men either desire or use riches as they ought, he endeavours to convince them of their folly ; which is the main design of the whole Satire.

TO CÆSIUS BASSUS.

A LYRIC POET.

HAS winter caus'd thee, friend, to change thy seat,
And seek in Sabine air ¹ a warm retreat ?
Say, do'st thou yet the Roman harp command ?
Do the strings answer to thy noble hand ?
Great master of the Muse ! inspir'd to sing
The beauties of the first created spring ;
The pedigree of nature to rehearse,
And sound the Maker's work, in equal verse.
Now sporting on thy lyre the loves of youth ²,
Now virtuous age, and venerable truth ;
Expressing justly Sappho's wanton art
Of odes, and Pindar's more majestic part.

For me, my warmer constitution wants
More cold, than our Ligurian winter grants ;

¹ All the studious, and particularly the poets, about the end of August, began to set themselves on work : refraining from writing during the heats of the summer. They wrote by night, and sat up the greatest part of it : for which reason the product of their studies was called their ' Elucubrations, or Nightly Labours.' They who had country-seats retired to them while they studied : as Persius did to his, which was near the port of the Moon in Etruria ; and Bassus to his, which was in the country of the Sabines, nearer Rome.

² This proves Cæsius Bassus to have been a lyric poet. It is said of him, that by an eruption of the flaming mountain Vesuvius, near which the greatest part of his fortune lay, he was burnt himself, together with all his writings.

And therefore to my native shores retir'd,
 I view the coast old Ennius once admir'd;
 Where cliffs on either side their points display;
 And after, opening in an ampler way,
 Afford the pleasing prospect of the bay. }
 'Tis worth your while, O Romans! to regard
 The port of Luna, says our learned bard;
 Who, in a drunken dream³, beheld his soul
 The fifth within the transmigrating roll;
 Which first a peacock, then Enphorbus was, }
 Then Homer next, and next Pythagoras;
 And last of all the line did into Ennius pass. }

Secure and free from business of the state;
 And more secure of what the vulgar prate,
 Here I enjoy my private thoughts; nor care
 What rots for sheep the southern winds prepare:
 Survey the neighbouring fields, and not repine,
 When I behold a larger crop than mine:
 To see a beggar's brat in riches flow,
 Adds not a wrinkle to my even brow;
 Nor, envious at the sight, will I forbear
 My plenteous bowl, nor bate my bounteous cheer;

³ I call it 'a drunken dream' of Ennius; not that my author, in this place, gives me any encouragement for the epithet; but because Horace, and all who mention Ennius, say he was an excessive drinker of wine. In a dream, or vision, (call you it which you please) he thought it was revealed to him that the soul of Pythagoras was transmigrated into him: as Pythagoras, before him believed, that himself had been Enphorbus in the wars of Troy. Commentators differ in placing the order of this soul, and who had it first. I have here given it to the peacock, because it looks more according to the order of nature, that it should lodge in a creature of an inferior species; and so by gradation rise to the informing of a man. And Persius favours me, by saying, that Ennius was the fifth from the Pythagorean peacock.

Nor yet unseal the dregs of wine that stink
 Of cask; nor in a nasty flaggon drink :
 Let others stuff their guts with homely fare ;
 For men of different inclinations are ;
 Though born perhaps beneath one common star. }
 In minds and manners twins oppos'd we see
 In the same sign, almost the same degree :
 One, frugal, on his birth-day fears to dine,
 Does at a penny's cost in herbs repine ;
 And hardly dares to dip his fingers in the brine : }
 Prepar'd as priest of his own rites to stand,
 He sprinkles pepper with a sparing hand.
 His jolly brother, opposite in sense,
 Laughs at his thrift ; and, lavish of expense,
 Quaffs, crams, and guttles, in his own defence. }

For me, I'll use my own ; and take my share :
 Yet will not turbot's for my slaves prepare ;
 Nor be so nice in taste myself, to know
 If what I swallow be a thrush, or no.
 Live on thy annual income ; spend thy store ;
 And freely grind, from thy full threshing-floor :
 Next harvest promises as much, or more. }
 Thus I would live : but friendship's holy band,
 And offices of kindness, hold my hand :
 My friend is shipwreck'd on the Brutian strand ⁴, }

⁴ Perhaps this is only a fine transition of the poet, to introduce the business of the Satire ; and not, that any such accident had happened to one of the friends of Persius. But, however, this is the most poetical description of any in our author : and since he and Lucan were so great friends, I know not but Lucan might help him, in two or three of these verses, which seem to be written in his style. Certain it is, that besides this description of a shipwreck, and two lines more, which are at the end of the Second Satire, our poet has written nothing elegantly.

His riches in the' Ionian main are lost;
 And he himself stands shivering on the coast;
 Where, destitute of help, forlorn and bare,
 He wearies the deaf gods with fruitless pray'r:
 Their images; the relics of the wreck,
 Torn from the naked poop, are tided back
 By the wild waves, and, widely thrown ashore,
 Lie impotent; nor can themselves restore.
 The vessel sticks, and shows her open'd side,
 And on her shatter'd mast the mews in triumph ride.
 From thy new hope⁵, and from thy growing store,
 Now lend assistance, and relieve the poor.
 Come; do a noble act of charity:
 A pittance of thy land will set him free.
 Let him not bear the badges of a wreck,
 Nor beg with a blue table⁶ on his back:
 Nor tell me that thy frowning heir will say,
 'Tis mine, that wealth thou squander'st thus away:
 What is't to thee, if he neglect thy urn,
 Or without spices lets thy body burn⁷?

⁵ 'From thy new hope,' &c. The Latin is, *Nunc et de cespite vivo, frange aliquid*. Casaubon only opposes the *cespes vivus*, which, word for word, is the living turf, to the harvest or annual income. I suppose the poet rather means, sell a piece of land already sown, and give the money of it to my friend who has lost all by shipwreck: that is, do not stay till thou hast reaped; but help him immediately, as his wants require.

⁶ 'Nor beg with a blue table,' &c. Holiday translates it a green table. The sense is the same; for the table was painted of the sea-colour, which the shipwrecked person carried on his back; expressing his losses thereby, to excite the charity of the spectators.

⁷ The bodies of the rich before they were burnt were embalmed with spices; or rather spices were put into the urn with the relics of the ashes. Our author here names cinna-

If odours to thy ashes he refuse,
 Or buys corrupted Cassia from the Jews?
 All these, the wiser Bestius will reply,
 Are empty pomp, and dead-men's luxury :
 We never knew this vain expense, before
 The' effeminated Grecians brought it o'er :
 Now toys and trifles from their Athens come ;
 And dates and pepper have unsinew'd Rome.
 Our sweating linds their sallads now defile,
 Infecting homely herbs with fragrant oil.
 But, to thy fortune be not thou a slave :
 For what hast thou to fear beyond the grave?
 And thou who gap'st for my estate? draw near ;
 For I would whisper somewhat in thy ear.
 Hear'st thou the news, my friend? the' express
 is come

With laurell'd letters from the camp to Rome :
 Cæsar⁸ salutes the queen and senate thus :—
 My arms are on the Rhine victorious !

mon and cassia, which cassia was sophisticated with cherry gum : and, probably enough, by the Jews ; who adulterate all things which they sell. But whether the ancients were acquainted with the spices of the Molucca islands, Ceylon and other parts of the Indies ; or whether their pepper and cinnamon &c. were the same with ours, is another question. As for nutmegs and mace, it is plain that the Latin names of them are modern.

⁸ The Cæsar here mentioned is Cains Caligula, who affected to triumph over the Germans, whom he never conquered, as he did over the Britains ; and accordingly sent letters, wrapped about with laurels, to the Senate, and the empress Cæsonia, whom I here call queen ; though I know that name was not used amongst the Romans : but the word empress would not stand in that verse, for which reason I adjourned it to another. The dust which was to be swept away from the altars, was either the ashes which were left there, after the last sa-

‘ From mourning altars sweep the dust away :
Cease fasting, and proclaim a fat thanksgiving day.’
The goodly empress ⁹, jollily inclin’d,
Is to the welcome bearer wondrous kind :
And, setting her good housewifry aside,
Prepares for all the pageantry of pride.
The captive Germans ¹⁰, of gigantic size,
Are rank’d in order, and are clad in frize :
The spoils of kings and conquer’d camps we boast,
Their arms in trophies hang on the triumphal post.

Now, for so many glorious actions done
In foreign parts, and mighty battles won ;
For peace at home, and for the public wealth,
I mean to crown a bowl to Cæsar’s health :
Besides, in gratitude for such high matters,
Know, I have vow’d two hundred gladiators ¹¹.
Say, wouldst thou hinder me from this expense?
I disinherit thee, if thou dar’st take offence.
Yet more a public largess I design
Of oil and pies, to make the people dine :

crifice for victory ; or might perhaps mean the dust or ashes, which were left on the altars, since some former defeat of the Romans, by the Germans : after which overthrow, the altars had been neglected.

⁹ Cæsonia, wife to Caius Caligula, who afterwards, in the reign of Claudius, was proposed, but ineffectually, to be married to him, after he had executed Messalina for adultery.

¹⁰ He means only such as were to pass for Germans in the triumph : large-bodied men, as they are still ; whom the empress clothed new, with coarse garments, for the greater ostentation of the victory.

¹¹ A hundred pair of gladiators were beyond the purse of any private man to give : therefore, this is only a threatening to his heir, that he could do what he pleased with his estate.

Controul me not, for fear I change my will.

And yet methinks I hear thee grumbling still,—
 ‘You give as if you were the Persian king :
 Your land does not so large revenues bring.’
 Well; on my terms thou wilt not be my heir?
 If thou car’st little, less shall be my care :
 Were none of all my father’s sisters left ;
 Nay, were I of my mother’s kin bereft ;
 None by an uncle’s or a grandame’s side,
 Yet I could some adopted heir provide.
 I need but take my journey half a day
 From haughty Rome, and at Aricia stay,
 Where fortune throws poor Manius in my way. }
 Him will I choose :—‘What him, of humble birth,
 Obscure, a foundling, and a son of earth?’
 Obscure ! Why pry’st thee what am I ? I know
 My father, grandsire, and great grandsire too :
 If further I derive my pedigree,
 I can but guess beyond the fourth degree.
 The rest of my forgotten ancestors,
 Were sons of earth, like him, or sons of whores.

Yet why wouldst thou, old covetous wretch, aspire
 To be my heir, who might’st have been my sire ?
 In nature’s race, shouldst thou demand of me
 My torch¹², when I in course run after thee?
 Think I approach thee, like the god of gain,
 With wings on head and heels, as poets feign :
 Thy moderate fortune from my gift receive;
 Now fairly take it, or as fairly leave.

¹² ‘Shouldst thou demand of me my torch,’ &c. Why shouldst thou, who art an old fellow, hope to outlive me, and be my heir, who am much younger ? He who was first, in the course or race, delivered the torch, which he carried to him who was second.

But take it as it is, and ask no more.

‘What, when thou hast embezzled all thy store?

Where’s all thy father left?’—’Tis true, I grant,

Some I have mortgag’d, to supply my want:

The legacies of Tadius too are flown;

All spent, and on the self-same errand gone.

‘How little then to my poor share will fall?’

Little indeed: but yet that little’s all.

Nor tell me, in a dying father’s tone,

Be careful still of the main chance, my son:

Put out the principal, in trusty hands;

Live on the use, and never dip thy lands:

‘But yet what’s left for me?’—What’s left, my friend!

Ask that again, and all the rest I spend.

Is not my fortune at my own command?

Pour oil, and pour it with a plenteous hand,

Upon my salads, boy: shall I be fed

With sodden nettles, and a sing’d sow’s head?

’Tis holiday; provide me better cheer:

’Tis holiday, and shall be round the year.

Shall I my household gods and genius cheat,

To make him rich, who grudges me my meat?

That he may loll at ease; and, pamper’d high,

When I am laid, may feed on giblet-pie?

And, when his throbbing lust extends the vein,

Have wherewithal his whores to entertain?

Shall I in homespun cloth be clad, that he

His paunch in triumph may before him see?

Go, miser, go: for lucre sell thy soul; [pole:

Truck wares for wares, and trudge from pole to

That men may say, when thou art dead and gone,

See what a vast estate he left his son!

How large a family of brawny knaves,
 Well fed, and fat as Cappadocian slaves ¹³!
 Increase thy wealth, and double all thy store;
 'Tis done : now double that, and swell the score; }
 To every thousand add ten thousand more.
 Then say, Chrysippus ¹⁴, thou who wouldst confine
 Thy heap, where I shall put an end to mine?

13 'Well fed and fat as Cappadocian slaves.' Who were famous for their lustiness; and being, as we call it, in good liking. They were set on a stall when they were exposed to sale, to show the good habit of their body, and made to play tricks before the buyers, to show their activity and strength.

14 Chrysippus the Stoic invented a kind of argument, consisting of more than three propositions, which is called *Sorites*, or a heap. But as Chrysippus could never bring his propositions to a certain stint, so neither can a covetous man bring his craving desires to any certain measure of riches, beyond which he could not wish for any more.

FINIS.

VA 1

152 3061

Whittingham and Rowland, Printers, Goswell Street, London.



